

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XVIII. }

No. 1714. — April 21, 1877.

{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CXXXIII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

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## THE DEAD VIOLET.

WHERE is the hand that gathered it, the violet  
 fresh and sweet,  
 From its nest mid the dewy mosses that clothed  
 the great oak's feet?  
 Alas for the eager fingers!  
 They handled the sword-hilt well;  
 But they could not guard the bright young  
 head  
 That found a soldier's gory bed,  
 When the vines were crushed 'neath the  
 guardsmen's tread,  
 And the night over Alma fell.

Where is the smile that welcomed it with her  
 gallant lover's vow,  
 And placed it amid the golden braids that  
 crowned her fair young brow?  
 It is carved on the lips of marble  
 Of the statue that marks her rest,  
 As she lies alone in her maiden grave  
 In the great cathedral's solemn nave,  
 Where the organ's voice, like a rolling wave,  
 Flows over her virgin breast.

Leave the violet in the volume of the old  
 romantic rhyme—  
 Pale symbol of love that has passed away, dry  
 pledge of a sweet old time!  
 What would avail to place it  
 Again in the soft green grass?  
 The old oak, felled, mid the moss is flung;  
 The tale is told and the song is sung;  
 Let it moulder the mouldering pages among:  
 So does youth, love, and spring-time pass.  
 Tinsley's Magazine. S. K. PHILLIPS.

## "POST HOC EXILIUM."

AFTER this exile: not while groping here  
 In this low valley full of mists and chills,  
 Waiting and watching till the day breaks clear  
 Over the brow of the eternal hills—  
 Mother, sweet dawn of that unsettling sun,  
 Show us thy Jesus when the night is done!

After this exile: when our toils are o'er,  
 And we, poor laborers, homeward turn our  
 feet;  
 When we shall ache and work and weep no  
 more,  
 But know the rest the weary find so sweet,  
 Mother of pity, merciful and blest,  
 Show us thy Jesus in the "Land of Rest."

After this exile: winter will be past,  
 And the rain over, and the flowers appear,  
 And we shall see in God's own light at last  
 All we have sought for in the darkness here;  
 Then, Mother, turn on us thy loving eyes,  
 And show us Jesus—our eternal prize!  
 Month. F. P.

## CHARITY.

ONLY a drop in the bucket,  
 But every drop will tell;  
 The bucket would soon be empty  
 Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,  
 It was all I had to give;  
 But as pennies make the guineas,  
 It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon  
 And some toys—they were not new;  
 But they made the sick child happy,  
 Which has made me happy, too.

Only some outgrown garments—  
 They were all I had to spare;  
 But they'll help to clothe the needy,  
 And the poor are everywhere.

A word now and then of comfort,  
 That cost me nothing to say;  
 But the poor old man died happy,  
 And it helped him on the way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,  
 Though the gift be poor and small;  
 What doth he think of his children  
 When they never give at all?

## A MOTHER'S HEART.

A LITTLE dreaming, such as mothers know;  
 A little lingering over dainty things;  
 A happy heart, wherein hope all aglow  
 Stirs like a bird at dawn that wakes and  
 sings—  
 And that is all.

A little clasping to her yearning breast;  
 A little musing over future years;  
 A heart that prays, "Dear Lord, thou knowest  
 best,  
 But spare my flower life's bitterest rain of  
 tears"—  
 And that is all.

A little spirit speeding through the night;  
 A little home grown lonely, dark, and chill;  
 A sad heart, groping blindly for the light;  
 A little snow-clad grave beneath the hill—  
 And that is all.

A little gathering of life's broken thread;  
 A little patience keeping back the tears;  
 A heart that sings, "Thy darling is not dead,  
 God keeps her safe through his eternal  
 years"—  
 And that is all.

Macmillan's Magazine.

From The Contemporary Review.

SPINOZA:

THE MAN AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

THE 21st of February, 1877, has been consecrated to the celebration of the bicentenary anniversary of the death of a very great man; of a man so great indeed, that humanity had to move a distance of considerably more than a century before reaching the perspective point from which his greatness could be measured. To all but an insignificant few of his contemporaries, Spinoza was either unknown, or, if known, was an object of aversion and of superstitious dread: the nineteenth century raises a statue to him. If the monument destined to be so tardily erected at the Hague had been unveiled just thirty years ago, it would have been impossible to detect, in the mind of any person capable of judging, the faintest whisper of a doubt that the tribute was justly paid, not alone to lofty genius and splendid zeal for truth and liberty, but to unblemished nobleness and purity of private life as well. To-day, such singleness of belief is less easy. Of late years, historical research has brought to light new facts and new traditions concerning Spinoza's life; and it has become necessary, in order to a solid appreciation of his character, to re-examine the history of his life.

Baruch de Spinoza was born at Amsterdam on the 24th November, 1632. Of the social rank into which he was born, it must be said, that the knowledge we possess is neither precise nor certain. His principal biographer, Colerus, tells us that the representation which gives him out as being born of poor parents and of low extraction is untrue; and that his parents, Portuguese Jews, merchants at Amsterdam, were respectable people and well-to-do ("*honnêtes gens et à leur aise*"), living in a good house ("*dans une assez belle maison*"), on the Burgwal. A later account\* expressly contradicts the last detail, and states that the philosopher was born in a house on the Houtgracht. According to another contemporary biographer, Lucas, it was because his father did

not possess the means of launching him in a commercial career that he resolved to have him taught the Hebrew humanities. Such is the dearth, not only of facts, but of hearsay and even of imagination, concerning his early childhood, that we are almost grateful to Lucas for the following anecdote. He relates that Spinoza's father,

being a man of common sense, used to teach him not to confound superstition with solid piety; and being desirous to put his son to the proof, charged him, when he was yet but ten years old, to receive for him certain moneys due to the father from an old woman of Amsterdam. When he had come into her house, where he found her reading the Bible, the old woman motioned him to wait until she had finished her devotions. Which being done, the child told her of his errand, and the good old woman, having counted out the money on the table for him, said, "Here is what I owe your father. May you be one day as pious a man as he is; he has never gone astray from the law of Moses; and heaven will bless you only so far as you shall resemble him." And as she finished speaking she took up the money to place it in the child's purse; but he, discerning in this woman the marks of that false piety against which his father had warned him, omitted not to count it after her, in spite of her resistance, and finding that there were wanting two ducats that the pious old woman had let fall into a drawer through a slit made to that end in the table, he was confirmed in his suspicion.

So far, if there is nothing very interesting in the story, neither is there anything very improbable in it. Unfortunately Lucas, who throughout his biography is too little mindful of the maxim, "*Qui dit trop ne dit rien*," goes on to say that,

puffed up with the success of this adventure, and with the applause of his father, he set himself to observe this sort of people more closely than before; passing upon them judgment of so fine a sarcasm that all persons were astonished.

A kind of conduct that would stand in incredible contradiction with all that we know of Spinoza's social habits and modes of thought.

It may be taken as fairly certain that Spinoza had the advantage of a by no means despicable education. He was

\* See Van Vloten, *Ad Benedicti de Spinoza opera quæ supersunt omnia Supplementum*, p. 289.

very early conducted through a thorough course of Talmudistic study; and the thorough study of the Talmud constituted in itself a discipline that was, for those days, of no mean order.

It is important to remember [remarks Dr. Ginsberg in the excellent introduction prefixed to his edition of the "*Ethica*," that the Talmud embraces all possible aspects of Jewish culture — its points of contact with the culture of other civilizations, as well as its points of difference from them. The polemical attitude of the Talmud is an occasion for bringing under consideration the whole range of speculative problems proposed or resolved by the Græco-Roman world. And if the Talmud places itself in a purely polemical attitude in regard to the different manners in which the cosmos is conceived by Platonism, Aristotelianism, Neo-Platonism, Stoicism, Epicureanism, and Scepticism, yet it could not do so without imparting a considerable knowledge of the errors that it combats; and the young Talmudist became familiar with them, adopted them as part of the mechanism of his mind.

In his Talmudistic studies he was directed by the rabbin Morteira, who was, in the words of the ingeniously snappish paraphrase of Lucas, "a man celebrated amongst the Jews, and the least ignorant of all the rabbins of his time." Morteira, we are told by this writer, was struck with admiration for the genius and character of his disciple. The works of the Arabo-Hebraic philosophers of the Middle Ages, of Maimonides in particular, were studied, and at fifteen Spinoza was an accomplished Talmudist. Some such conclusion at least is what remains to us after due distillation of Lucas's somewhat unsatisfactory assertion that "before he was fifteen years old he used to propound objections that the most learned among the Jews found difficulty in resolving." Later on, Latin was studied, at first with a certain German for a master, and afterwards under the guidance of Franz Van den Ende, a physician of Amsterdam. This was an important moment in his philosophical development. Van den Ende was a man of no ordinary culture, and of no ordinary character. He fell a victim to his zeal for liberty, and was hanged for political intrigues in France: in France, not in the Netherlands as stated by Heine in his "*Deutschland*." Let

us hope that the great poet's spirit may by this time have found consolation in the knowledge that worthy Van den Ende was not hanged in the country "where they hang worse than anywhere else in the world," but in pleasant, graceful, *spirituel* France, where doubtless they ordered those things better.

The horror-struck tone in which Colerus's account of him is given makes it too amusing to be passed by in silence: —

This man [he says] taught with much success, and gained such a reputation that the richest traders of the city entrusted him with the education of their children, until it became known that he taught his pupils other lore than Latin. For it was at length discovered that he used to sow in the minds of these young men the seeds of atheism.

A fact that good, charitable old Colerus does not state lightly; he says that he can prove it, if need be,

by the testimony of many pious souls, which know not how sufficiently to bless the memory of their parents who withdrew them, whilst it was still time, from the school of Satan, by removing them from the instruction of a master so pernicious and so impious.

We greatly suspect that the teaching here stigmatized as atheistical, was, in point of fact, merely the black art of physiology, in the literal sense of the term, the not yet entirely unsuspected study of natural science. The internal evidence of Spinoza's writings leaves no room for doubt that he possessed remarkably sound knowledge of nature; his whole method of thought, when he is dealing with the finite, is eminently scientific, eminently positive. Mr. Lewes has long ago pointed out that in physiological matters he never betrays ignorance. His choice of the trade of an optician is evidence of his early love for science. Colerus expressly states that, "finding himself the more strongly drawn to the investigation of natural causes and products, he abandoned theology in order to devote himself entirely to physics." All this points to the conclusion that it was to Van den Ende that he owed the stimulus that gave a scientific bias to his mind.

Van den Ende had a daughter, a perfect mistress, says Colerus, of Latin and of



music, and Spinoza fell in love with her, continues the biographer; nay, even determined, as he himself did often since confess, to marry her. But her wit and her gaiety had also touched the heart of another of Van den Ende's pupils, one Kerckering of Hamburg, who, becoming jealous of Spinoza, increased so greatly in assiduity as to succeed in winning his mistress's affections, to which result a present of a pearl necklace, of the value of two or three hundred pistoles, doubtless contributed. And after the said Kerckering had abjured the Lutheran religion, which was that which he professed, and had embraced the Catholic faith, she fulfilled her promise of marrying him. When Mr. Lewes was writing his "Biographical History of Philosophy" in 1852, he was able to picture this courtship

as a sort of odd reverse of Abelard and Heloisa. Spinoza, we fancy, not inattentive to the instruction, but the more in love with it coming from so soft a mouth; not inattentive, yet not wholly absorbed. He watches her hand as it moves along the page, and longs to squeeze it. While "looking out" in the dictionary their hands touch, and he is thrilled, but the word is *found*, nevertheless.

The romance of a Platonic love, that, being rejected, transformed itself into philosophy, may be a pleasing and artistically proper ingredient in the life of the great mystic. It may be hard for us to be obliged to confess that it is true only in so far as "imagination is truer than fact," but from the historical point of view we must allow it to lapse into the limbo to which modern criticism has consigned the myth of William Tell and the fiction of Julia Alpinula, for we now know, on the prosaic testimony of a marriage register, that Clara Maria Van den Ende was married to Dirck Kerckrinck in 1671, at the age of twenty-seven. She was therefore only twelve years old in 1656, by which time Spinoza had quitted Van den Ende.\* It does not appear, then, that love-lessons formed any part of Spinoza's occupations whilst he was with Van den Ende. Probably the want of such emotions was not felt by him. Other heavings and stir-

rings were being felt in the young prophet's breast; and even if the occasion of looking too curiously on a daughter of Eve had presented itself, we must think that his strong soul would have resisted the temptation, with a presentiment that its mission was to go forth amongst mankind, "dread, fathomless, alone."

It was probably Van den Ende who introduced him to the writings of Descartes; a most important event for him. In a mind that was already in more than unconscious revolt against rabbinical authority and rabbinical tradition, the method of Descartes, with its honest individualism and its fearless scepticism, must have produced an explosion. That such and such a doctrine must be believed by you because it was the doctrine of such and such a rabbin, or of such and such a prophet, must have roused indignation from a very early age in the breast of a child who for genius and for character so far transcended all the rabbins, and almost all the prophets. The spark of Descartes' teaching, that the one principle of evidence is clear and distinct seeing for oneself, must have fallen upon very well-prepared fuel.

From that time forth [says Colerus] he was very reserved with the Jewish doctors, avoiding as much as possible all commerce with them; he was rarely seen in their synagogues, showing himself there only in a perfunctory manner (*par manière d'acquit*); which irritated them extremely against him, as they nothing doubted but that he would shortly abandon them and turn Christian.

We imagine Spinoza in a state of doubt; he does not yet quite see clearly; he leans now to the side of tradition and belief, now to that of incredulity and revolt. His indignation against the falseness and ineptitudes of the Jewish tradition we imagine to have now and then flashed out from him in manifestations honest rather than prudent.

Certain young men [relates Lucas] who called themselves his most intimate friends, conjured him to tell them his true opinions. "What think you?" they asked; "hath God a body? Be there in truth angels? Is the soul immortal?"

We gather that to questions such as these

\* See Van Vloten, *op. cit.*, p. 290.

he made replies such as that, according to the Bible (by which is meant, of course, only the Old Testament), God is evidently material, the idea of spirit being perfectly unknown to that book; that by angels were there meant certain phantoms, phenomena of a merely subjective order, not real and permanent substances (a heresy, by-the-bye, of which it is difficult to perceive the offensiveness); and that —

As for the soul, wherever it is mentioned in the Scriptures, this word expresses simply life, or that which hath life. So that to seek for proofs of immortality in the Scriptures were absurd.

A heresy which bears a most amusing resemblance to a remark for which Gibbon got into hot water; an element, however, which was but most mildly lukewarm in comparison with the seething floods of fanaticism that were to roll over the soul of Spinoza. The reader will observe that none of these are philosophical assertions; but that they are, all of them, merely propositions belonging to the perfectly positive science of Biblical criticism. A tittle of evidence may perhaps be considered to be contained in the quaint statement of Stolle's old man (of whom more hereafter) that Spinoza was excommunicated because he "was charged with having rejected the books of Moses as a human book, not written by Moses (*weil man ihn beschuldigt, dass er die Bücher Moses, als ein menschlich Buch, so Moses nie gemacht, verworfen*). "Reflecting," continues Lucas, "that curiosity seldom springs from good intentions, he set himself to observe the conduct of these friends; and found in it so much to disapprove of that he broke with them, and would no longer speak with them."

The "friends" vowed vengeance, — so the story runs, — which they instituted by crying him down in the opinion of the people, giving warning that instead of becoming one of the pillars of the synagogue this young man was more likely to become a destroyer of it; and proceeded afterwards to lodge a formal accusation against him with the rabbins. The accused was summoned to appear before the rabbins. He obeyed, and betook himself to the synagogue. There the Jewish doctors, "with the downcast visages of men tormented by their zeal for the house of God," told him that he was "accused of the blackest and most enormous of crimes, contempt of the law." And on his denying this (to this day the whole of Spinoza's writings are an eloquent witness that with

his sweet reasonableness of soul he must have been ever incapable of any outrage against religion or the State) the false friends stepped forward with their deposition. The judges urged the accused to recant; but to their entreaties and to their menaces he now opposed a haughty defiance. Morteira then arrived upon the scene, armed with friendly exhortation as well as with official menace. The threat of excommunication to which he at length proceeded did not mend matters; and the assembly broke up without any definite result having been obtained. The strangeness and the bitterness of this story of betrayal as related by Lucas do not tempt belief; yet it should be remembered that the anathema by which Spinoza was excommunicated refers to "witnesses," and that fanaticism is capable of malignity and of treachery to an extent the quantification of which may be left to the reader.

As to what followed we are on a firmer ground of history. The "secession" from the synagogue of a young man who was already widely known as a favorite disciple of Morteira and as a Talmudist of extraordinary attainments, was not a thing to be lightly incurred. Further efforts were made to extract concessions from him; he remained deaf to exhortation. The price attached to his friendship by the rabbins showed itself in the offer that they made him of an annuity of 1,000 florins, "to induce him to stay among them, and to continue to show himself from time to time in their synagogues." The apostate refused. A less gentle *argumentum ad hominem* was tried by some person unknown to infamy. One evening, as the philosopher was leaving the old Portuguese synagogue,\*

He saw some one near him, poignard in hand; and this having caused him to be on his guard, and to keep to one side, he escaped the thrust, which took effect only upon his clothes. He preserved the *justaucorps* pierced by the thrust in memory of the event.

Quitting Amsterdam, he retired some little distance into the country, with a friend, of whom all that we know is that he was a member of the religious sect known as *Rijnsburgers* or *Collegiants*. During this absence from Amsterdam, Morteira's threat was put into execution,

\* The theatre, according to Bayle. Mr. Lewes thinks Bayle must be right, Spinoza having ceased to frequent the synagogue. But he may have gone there to hear some of the suggestions for a compromise that were doubtless made to him during this time by the rabbins, and Colerus is very explicit in his statement that it was the synagogue.

and the anathema of excommunication was fulminated against the obstinate infidel from the pulpit of the synagogue.

Many curious accounts of the institution of excommunication as practised by the Jews of that time are extant; and the student is generally refreshed in his journey over the abstract wastes of philosophy by the narration of a scene that might fittingly have been invented for an *opéra comique*. In the handsome old Portuguese synagogue of Amsterdam an awe-struck crowd is assembled.

The ceremony begins by the lighting of numbers of black wax candles and the opening of the tabernacle in which the books of the law are kept. The *chantre*, from an elevated place, intones with a loud, lugubrious voice the words of execration, whilst another *chantre* winds a horn—or a cornet, called in Hebrew *sophar*. The black wax candles are held downwards, so that their wax falls drop by drop into a vat full of blood. The people, filled with holy horror and with sacred rage at the sight of this sombre spectacle, cry, *Amen*, with a furious voice that testifies to their belief that they would be rendering service to God if they were to tear the excommunicate to pieces, which they would no doubt do if they met with him in that moment, or on coming out of the synagogue.

But Lucas expressly states that the melodramatic accessories of horn,\* and candles dripping into the blood-vat, were not observed in the case of Spinoza, who was not accused of blasphemy (a crime which is punished with the above-described species of anathema), but only of contempt for Moses and the law; for which the ceremony of excommunication consisted in the simple reading of the anathema. This of itself may, perhaps, be considered sufficiently melodramatic. The document is important as well as curious; we therefore translate it in full. It bears the date of the 6th day of the month Ab, in the year 5416, that is to say, the 16th July, 1656. It is written as follows:—

*The Herem that was given forth of the Sanctuary on the 6th day of the month Ab, against BARUCH DE ESPINOZA.*

The Masters of the Ecclesiastical Council make known to you that, having long had knowledge of the bad opinions and of the bad

works of Baruch de Espinoza, they have carefully studied by various ways and promises to draw him back from his bad ways; and being nothing able to remedy the same, but, on the contrary, getting daily fresh notification of the horrible heresies that he practised and taught, and of the enormous works that he wrought (*ynormes obras que obrava*); and finding many witnesses, worthy to be believed, of these things, who deposed and testified in the presence of the said Espinoza, who was by them convicted: after due consideration of all things, in the presence of the Lords of the Wise Men (dos SSrs. Hahamim), have determined, with their assent, that the said Espinoza shall be anathema and separated from the nation of Israel, as they now declare in the Herem, with the Herem following (*como actualmente o pontem Herem, com o Herem seguinte*):—

By the sentence of the Angels, by the sentence of the Saints, we anathematize, separate, and curse and execrate Baruch de Espinoza, with the consent of the Ecclesiastical Tribunal, and with the consent of all that holy community before the holy Sepharim, with their six hundred and thirteen precepts that are written in them, with the Herem with which Joshua cursed Jericho, with the malediction with which Elisha cursed the children, and with all the maledictions that are written in the law: cursed be he by day and cursed be he by night, cursed be he in his sleeping and cursed be he in his uprising, cursed in his going out and cursed in his entering in; may the Lord refuse to know him, may the fury of the Lord and his jealousy be hot after that man, and lay upon him all the maledictions that are written in the Book of the Law; and may the Lord blot out his name from beneath the heavens, and may the Lord separate him for evil from all the tribes of Israel, with all the maledictions of the firmament that are written in the Book of the Law; and you, cleaving to the Lord your God, may you have life!

But take notice, that none may speak with him by mouth, none by writing, none show him any favor, none be under the same roof with him, none within the distance of four ells from him, none read any document made or written by him.

A smile involuntarily rises as we read this breathless cursing, and we think of Mr. Shandy and of Dr. Slop, of Trim and of Uncle Toby, and his "For my own part, I could not have the heart to curse a dog so." On the lips of the outcast thinker it must have produced a harder, bitterer curl. Spinoza changed his Jewish name of Baruch for the Christian one of Benedict. Very willingly withdrawing from the society of those of his race, he found friends both sympathetic and generous amongst the Gentiles. Of his family—of those, that is, who, if the ties of blood are to be anything but fetters, ought to have been forthcoming as a help and a

\* That *schofar* is indeed a tragic goat's-horn. "I have read," says Heine, "in the life of Solomon Maimon, that the rabbin of Altona undertook one day to convert him, disciple of Kant though he were, to the faith of his fathers, and, as he persisted in his philosophic heresies, the rabbin menaced him, and pointed to the *schofar*, saying in a solemn voice, 'Knowest thou this?' And the disciple of Kant having very quietly answered, 'I know that it is a goat's-horn,' the rabbin fainted with horror."

consolation in such a crisis as this — history makes no mention relating to this epoch. From their conduct later on it may be inferred that they now joined the hue and cry against the "atheist." The fury of the Jews may have been increased by the suspicion that the apostate was about to embrace the creed of Christianity. According to one account there was a recrudescence of zeal on the part of the synagogue in the time that followed the excommunication.

Morteira, in particular, after the affront that he had received from his disciple, could not suffer that he should even remain in the same city with him. Procuring himself to be escorted by another rabbin of similar temper, he came before the magistrates, to whom he represented that if he had excommunicated M. de Spinoza, it was for no common cause, but on account of most execrable blasphemies against Moses and against God. He exaggerated this falsehood in all the ways that an holy hatred can suggest to an irreconcilable heart, and in conclusion demanded that the accused should be banished from Amsterdam. At the sight of the rabbin's passion it was easy to see that it was less a pious zeal than a secret rage that was urging him to vengeance; and, in fact, the judges, seeing this, endeavored to elude his demands, and referred him to the clergy. These, having examined the affair, found themselves in great embarrassment. After the manner in which the accused justified himself, they were unable to discover anything impious in him; yet the accuser was a rabbin, and the rank he held bid them be mindful of their own rank; so that, after all due consideration, they were unable without outrage to their cloth to absolve a man that one of their order wished to ruin; and this reason, good or bad, caused them to conclude in favor of the rabbin. . . . The magistrates, not daring to contradict them, for reasons which it is easy to divine, condemned the accused to an exile of some months.

This account, for which Lucas is responsible, is corroborated by the fact that Spinoza retorted to the excommunication by writing a certain volume of "Apology," now no longer extant, in which the Jews were "severely handled." Colerus says, "*Il protesta contre cet acte d'excommunication, et y fit une réponse en espagnol qui fut adressée aux rabbins, et qu'ils reçurent comme nous le marquons dans la suite.*" (It is unfortunate that the worthy author forgets to "*marquer dans la suite*" the matter in question, and never mentions it again.) It is evident that such an act of defiance might of itself constitute a sufficient reason for the reprisals which ended in Spinoza's exile.

We must stop for a moment to consider

this "*Apologia para Justificarse de sa Abdicacion de la Synagoga*," the first-fruits of Spinoza's pen. We have already stated that it is no longer extant. Rienwertz states that he had had the manuscript in his possession, and that it was a large book, in which the Jews were severely handled. A more satisfactory indication of its nature is afforded by the statement of Bayle, that the argument of it may be found in the twentieth chapter of the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*."

The thesis of that chapter is, "that in a free state (republic) it is lawful for every man to think in his own way, and to publish that which he thinks." Thought, from its very nature, is incapable of being bound by laws — is incapable of being given over to reigning powers, with those other "natural rights" that Spinoza allows, with Hobbes, may be so made over to the sovereign; and if thought cannot be bound, neither can speech, though of course the latter is susceptible of a measure of coercion; but no sooner has the author laid down this principle, than he proceeds to limit its application by considering how far the liberty of speech may usefully be conceded — that is, how far the exercise of such coercion as is possible may be desirable. Now the end of a state is the security of liberty to its subjects ("*Finis reipublicæ revera libertas est*"). Spinoza therefore concludes that all opinions should be allowed to be published, except seditious opinions. Seditious opinions he defines as those "which being accepted would nullify the contract by which the citizen has yielded up the right of acting according to his individual will (*ex proprio suo arbitrio*)."

From such a latitude of the liberty of speech he allows that inconveniences would arise; but it must be conceded, nevertheless; "for those things that cannot be prohibited" (he means, "whose prohibition is not supported by a sufficient sanction") "must necessarily be conceded, even though ills do thence arise." Proceeding to examine the ills that arise from the illegal and tyrannous persecution by the State of the liberty of speech, he shows that such persecution falls, not on the unworthy members of society, "the greedy, the time-serving, and the otherwise impotent in character, who have no care for truth and piety, for whom blessedness consists in contemplating the gold in their coffers, and having their bellies gorged (*nummus in arce contemplari et ventres distentos habere*)," but on those whom a good education, integrity of morals, and the practice



of virtue have endowed with a liberal mind:—

Men such as these [he continues] will not be silenced by tyrannous laws, for men are so constituted that they bear nothing less patiently than to have the opinions that they believe true treated as crimes, and to have things reputed wicked, by which they are moved to piety towards God and man.

He concludes

that the true schismatics are they who condemn the writings of others, and seditiously stir up the petulant vulgar against them; and not the writers themselves, who write, for the most part, only for the learned, using no other aid than reason; and that the true disturbers are they who in any State endeavor to destroy the liberty of judgment, which cannot be destroyed.

Spinoza has been accused, amongst other odd accusations, of bitterness against Judaism. We have extracted out of this twentieth chapter of the "Theologico-Political Treatise," which may very well be taken as a sample of the book, the most uncompromising expressions that we could find; the reader who is acquainted, even slightly, with the amenities to which theological discussion in this nineteenth century has given rise, may be left to say whether language such as this should be considered a very "bitter" reply to execration, excommunication, banishment, and attempted murder.

The die was thrown. Spinoza was now twenty-four years of age—that is, if we take into account the precocity of his development, in the prime of genius and enthusiasm. Conscious of learning and of talents, and of the not entirely despicable advantages of a handsome face and commanding manners, he must have felt himself richly equipped for a career of honors and of power. Morally, he had but to palter but a little with his conscience, to be able to accept the brilliant career with self-approval. The obstacles that it threw in the way of self-development must have seemed, to all but a very searching gaze, to be more than counterbalanced by the facilities for culture that it afforded in the shape of affluence and security. The social element in which he would have had to move was not one of repulsive "Philistinism." The Portuguese Jews of Amsterdam formed at that time a community that we cannot help calling cultured, if not enlightened. With their traditional Talmudist education they connected modern studies. An eminent member of the college of rabbins by

whom Spinoza was excommunicated, Menasse ben Israel, was publishing writings in Latin and in Spanish. Dr. Ginsberg tells us that Hugo Grotius has left a very appreciative judgment of this remarkable man, dating from the year 1639. From this it appears that Manasse ben Israel was well versed in ten languages, and composed poetry and other writings in Spanish as well as in Hebrew and in Latin. He is named in state documents theologian, philosopher, and doctor of physic. In 1632, at the age of twenty-seven, he published in Spanish his first great work, "Conciliator;" a writing the object of which is to reconcile with one another all the contradictory passages of the Holy Scriptures. It was the product of five years' labor, and was therefore begun at the age of twenty-two. The author's reading includes not only rabbinical literature, but the Greek and Roman poets, Plato and Aristotle, the Arabo-Hebraic philosophers, and the scholastics of the Middle Ages. More than two hundred and ten Hebrew works, and fifty-four Greek and Latin, Spanish and Portuguese authors, are cited in the first part. The fourth and last part of this exhaustive work appeared in 1651. A society that could produce men such as this could hardly have been an intellectual desert, even for Spinoza; and the temptation to yield, to compromise, to sacrifice this or that moment of the absolute idea of his life to the profit of the rest, must have been a strong one. And as for the interests of humanity, Spinoza's mind was dangerously well furnished with the ethical maxims that justify compromise. He held a doctrine of exoteric and esoteric treatment of truth that we cannot but consider as wearing a dangerous likeness to the principles of obscurantism. Submission to authority, that is, submission to power, political or religious, is the very principle on which depends the whole of his doctrine of political and religious practice. A brave and uncomplaining acceptance of the established fact is one of the most prominent features of his attitude towards all branches of human endeavor; a tendency that in the higher walk of philosophy, in the doctrine of the ideal sage as contained in the "*Ethica*," appears in the conclusion that places the freedom of the sage in his "contemplative submission to the order of nature. . . ." He did not reject the Scriptures as an authority ruling the conduct of life, he merely contended for liberty in the interpretation of them. He did not even advise that this



or that demonstrably false method of interpreting them was in all cases to be combated. Many are the forms under which belief may be operative on conduct; and truth, if it is to be believed, must be accommodated to the intelligence of the believer. If Spinoza had accepted the career offered him by the rabbins, and had placed a golden lock upon his lips, the act would but have taken rank with the too often forgotten fallings off of many another great leader lost. But he refused to palter, were it even but ever so little, with his conscience. Shaking off the dust from his feet, he set his face towards a life of poverty and of toil, made worthy and worth having by the consciousness of independence and integrity, and by the warmth of the great design that was brooding within him.

Out of the four years of struggle and anxiety, and so weighty development, that followed his secession from the synagogue, from 1656, namely, to 1660, hardly a detail of his life has come down to us. We gather that his position must have been a hard one, at all events a very trying one. He was penniless. Rienwertz says that he got his living by teaching (*dass er Kinder informiret*). The writer of the MS. life discovered by Müller states that he lived with the "Collegiant" friend above mentioned, "on the road between Amsterdam and Auwerkerke, until he moved with him to Rijnsburg, near Leiden."

Misfortune, it has been said, is the midwife that delivers genius of her children; and in some way or other Spinoza found time for writing during these years. Though he published nothing, it is probable that he wrote a great deal. The "Theologico-Political Treatise" was written about this time; and during the same period the lately discovered "*Tractatus de Deo et Homine*" — "Treatise on God and Man and his Welfare" — was probably entirely written. And if we take into account the composition of the "*Apologia*," we shall see that these were years of intense activity.

Spinoza was at Rijnsburg in 1661, as appears by a letter to him from Oldenburg, the secretary of the then lately-instituted Royal Society of England. Oldenburg refers to his visit to the philosopher at Rijnsburg, and to their "conversation about God, about extension and infinite thought, about the difference and agreement of their attributes, about the manner of the union of the human

mind with the body; also about the principles of the Cartesian and Baconian philosophies." Colerus is therefore in error in saying that it was in 1664 that Spinoza moved to Rijnsburg — or Rhynsburg, as it is differently spelt. He there inhabited a very small house, "still standing," writes Van Vloten in 1862, "and easy to be known by its inscription, dating from 1667, from the pen of the poet Kamphuyzen, —

Ach, waren alle menschen wijs,  
En wilden daarby wel:  
De aard waar heer een Paradijs,  
Nu is ze meest een Hel;"

an inscription that is curiously appropriate to the circumstances in which the philosopher found himself when an inhabitant of the house. It may be rendered, for the benefit of those unacquainted with the language, —

If all mankind could but be wise,  
And pure their wills as well,  
This earth would be a paradise,  
That now is but a hell.

Spinoza had living with him during that time a certain young man whose identity is not quite clear, but whom there is great reason to believe to be that Albert Burgh who in 1675 became a convert to Catholicism, and wrote to the author of the "*Ethica*" a letter of some five-and-thirty pages, full of exhortation to "repent, to acknowledge his ignorance to be wisdom, and his wisdom madness; to be humbled from his pride, and be healed." The bear-leading of this youth was anything but a pleasant duty for the thinker; he complains bitterly of it in a letter to his friend Simon de Vries: —

There is no one more annoying to me, nor none against whom I have to be more carefully on my guard, than he: wherefore I would have you and the others take heed not to communicate my opinions to him till he shall have attained a more mature age. He is too boyish yet and changeable, and greedy rather of novelty than of truth.

By "the others" is meant a certain circle of ardent friends who had gathered round the germ of the new doctrine, and were looking up in eager dependence to their leader. They had instituted a sort of club for the study in common of the new philosophy.

As for the course of study [writes Simon de Vries] we have thus ordered it. One of us (but each in turn) reads out to the rest, and explains according to his judgment, demonstrating everything according to the order and

series of your propositions; then, if it happen that one of us cannot convince another, we think it worth while to make a note of the matter and write to you, in order that, if possible, it may be made clear to us; and that we may be able, with you for a leader, to defend truth against the superstitiously religious and the superstitiously Christian, and to resist the onslaught of the whole world.

During these years an active correspondence was kept up with Oldenburg. It is interesting to watch in it the working of forces that tend to dissolve the friendship between these so widely different minds, a friendship whose persistent triumph over all differences of opinion and of feeling is most encouraging. Spinoza is conscious of holding opinions which Oldenburg would consider to be at least "strange," and very likely "abominable;" but his friend has pressed him to communicate to him his thoughts on the weighty problems of philosophy and religion. So he writes that he will not refuse, for he holds "that friends should have all things in common, but most especially spiritual things." He adds, "I will endeavor to give you the explanation you ask for, though I think that, unless your kindness help, this step will not be a means of attaching you more strongly to me." He sends certain propositions of the "*Ethica*" which Oldenburg does not very well understand (this is in September, 1661); and the interest of the correspondence becomes transferred to the experiments of Robert Boyle, concerning whose book, "*De Nitro*," Spinoza writes with a minuteness that testifies to the interest that he took in chemistry, and shows that he was not by any means devoid of practical acquaintance with the subject. He is in correspondence too with his good friend and medical adviser Ludwig Meyer, an Amsterdam Jew.

Of his way of life at Rijnsburg and at Voorburg, details are wanting, but an idea may be formed of it from Coler's description of his way of life at the Hague.

It is almost incredible [says Colerus] how sober and economical he was during that time. We find [from accounts found amongst his papers] that he lived a whole day on a milk-soup prepared with butter, which came to three sous, and a jug of beer at one sou and a half; another day he ate nothing but gruel prepared with raisins and butter, and this dish cost him four sous and a half. In these accounts, mention is made of at most two half-pints of wine in a month; and although he was often invited to dine out, he preferred to live on what he could have at home to sitting at a sumptuous table at another's expense.

We should have gladly passed over this oft-told tale of the milk soup and the gruel — which after all does not prove much — were it not that it is again necessary to vindicate Spinoza's character from the charge — one can hardly write the word seriously — of gluttony. In 1847, Professor Guhrauer\* published in the *Zeitschrift für Geschichte*, an account of the tradition concerning Spinoza that had been collected by one Gottlieb Stolle, a pupil of Christian Thomasius, during a voyage in Holland in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and written down by him in his "Memoirs." During his stay in Amsterdam in 1703, Stolle came to know "a certain old man," who had been personally acquainted with Spinoza. This old man stated that

In the beginning Spinoza lived very soberly, that is, so long as he had not much to spend; but as he became richer, he began to live better. From Amsterdam he went to Leyden, and thence afterwards to the Hague; and as he became acquainted with persons of distinction, he took to wearing a sword, dressing himself nicely, committed excesses in eating and drinking (he could take quite well a couple of cans of wine), and also —

But we must decline to attempt the translation of the very curious passage that follows; in short, the excesses he committed were such, "that he brought on consumption, of which he died." The reader who knows Spinoza, and has not the advantage of being acquainted with Stolle's old man, may be pardoned if he doubts the faithfulness of our quotation. He shall have the excerpt in the original; it is worth reading: —

Da er mit grossen Herrn bekannt geworden, (habe er) sich einen Degen angesteckt propre (*sic*) aufgeführt im Essen und Trinken Excesse gemacht (wie er denn ein Paar Kannen Wein gar leicht auf sich genommen), auch wohl ad virgo (*sic*!) gegangen, daher er sich endlich die Schwindsucht an dens Hals gezogen, und daran gestorben.

We have inserted, in the interest of grammar, a *sic* that appeared to be called for; as for the matter of the statements, we feel that marks of exclamation would be perfectly inadequate to the occasion. But let us look at the evidence. Firstly, Stolle's old man tells his story badly. To place the epoch of sensual indulgence at the end of a life whose whole course has been a chastening of the senses by moral suffering, by poverty, by intense thought, by the approaches of disease, is really

\* Cf. Ginsberg, *op. cit.*

clumsy. Secondly, all the other witnesses agree that Spinoza's life was one of perfect temperance. Rienwertz, his friend, the publisher of his works, told Stolle, that "he had always lived very moderately and been contented with little. He had never had any inclination to marriage, yet never blamed those who marry." We think of certain propositions of the "*Ethica*," and notwithstanding Stolle's old man, involuntarily we think of St. Paul. Stolle visited Bayle, the celebrated author of the dictionary, at Amsterdam, and Bayle told him that

as regards Spinoza's morals, he lived soberly at the Hague, without furniture, or feasting, or show (*er habe im Haag mässig gelebt, und von Hausrath, Saufen, und Pracht nichts gehalten*).

Lucas writes that

he was so temperate and so sober that the smallest means sufficed for his wants. He did not spend six sous a day, on an average, and did not drink more than a pint of wine in a month. "Nature is satisfied with little," he used to say, "and when she is content, I am so too."

The evidence of Colerus has been given above. It should be borne in mind that this writer is the chief and by far the most weighty authority for the facts of Spinoza's life; and his testimony to the purity of Spinoza's morals is by so much the more valuable as good Colerus was animated by a most vehement hatred and terror of the philosopher's teaching. He speaks of him, when examining his writings, as "this miserable man," and as "this celebrated atheist." He is satirical concerning the terms of the bill sent in after Spinoza's death by his barber, who was so ill-advised as to speak of him in that document as "*M. Spinoza de bien-heureuse mémoire*." The undertaker, two *taillandiers*, and a mercer, having paid the deceased the same compliment, Colerus devotes a grave paragraph to animadversion on the propriety of the term "*bien-heureuse*." He ends a paragraph on the "Theologico-Political Treatise" with the apostrophe, "*Le seigneur te confonde, Satan, et te ferme la bouche!*" He asserts that that work is "full of nothing but lies and blasphemies," and of the doctrine of the "*Ethica*," he asks, whether it be not "the most pernicious atheism that has ever been seen in the world." Such an attitude of mind must infallibly have inclined him to render to the philosopher's moral character no more than the strictest measure of justice; it is incredible that he should have passed over

without due distillation the malicious stories that were current concerning the "reprobate" freethinker, and any confirmation of them must have destroyed the admiration that he evidently felt for his character. And Coler's informants were capable witnesses; one of them, Van der Spyck, was an artist, and, judging from his eloquent portrait of Spinoza, by no means a bad artist; he must be considered to be a competent witness to the habits of the man who for more than six years lived in friendly intercourse with him under his own roof. For those who know Spinoza from his writings, such evidence must be superfluous; it is impossible to have the "*Ethica*" tolerably present to one's mind, and to believe the writer capable of low sensuality.

The instruction of Albert Burgh, or other unknown pupil, seems not to have furnished him with a sufficient income; and it was probably shortly after his excommunication that he set himself to work at a trade by which he could live. Colerus states that he "set himself to learn" the construction of lenses for telescopes and for other optical uses. It is probable that he had learned the art long before. It is well known that the Hebrew law ordained that all, even those destined to the study of the law, should learn some handiwork or other, by which in time of need they might subsist. The exiled thinker, looking somewhat blankly around him for a plan of life, was reminded of this perhaps once-despised handicraft. It offered him, at least, "independence, the first of earthly blessings;" and he gallantly cast in his lot with plain living and high thinking. He succeeded so well in his lens-grinding, we are told by Colerus, that

he was applied to from all sides for his glasses, the sale of which furnished enough to suffice for his wants. When the lenses were finished, his friends used to send and fetch them, sell them, and remit him the money that they brought in;

a practice which demonstrates in a most significant and even touching manner these friends' sense of the fitness of relieving a philosopher from sublunary cares.

Most of his time he passed in his room. When tired of his meditations, he used in order to refresh himself, to come down-stairs and talk to the people of the house on any matter that would serve for conversation, even on trifles. Sometimes he would enjoy a pipe of tobacco; or, when he wished for longer relaxation, he would set spiders to fight with one another, or would throw flies into the

spiders' webs, taking such delight in the spectacle of the combat that he sometimes laughed outright.

So far Colerus. The anecdote is gravely brought forward by Dugald Stewart, in his "Dissertation" prefixed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," as evidence that Spinoza was "mad." To us it appears that, if true, it bears testimony merely to the philosopher's habits of hard thinking. Is it not a very picture of the childish cheerful relaxation of a brain fairly brought to a standstill by thought? We of the present generation must take upon trust the statement of such a teacher as Carlyle, that Dugald Stewart was an "amiable philosopher;" but our faith in the propriety of the one and of the other of the terms of the proposition is put to a somewhat severe trial by the thorough unfairness and incompetence of his estimate of Spinoza.

Persons whose æsthetic judgments were informed by their religious feelings, were of opinion that the philosopher was "little, yellow, that there was something sombre (*noir*) in his physiognomy, and that he wore a look of reprobation in his face (*qu'il portait sur son visage un caractère de réprobation*)." The accounts of the biographers agree that he was "of middle height, with well-proportioned features, dark complexion, curly black hair, long black eyebrows, small, lively, dark eyes, and the general appearance of a Portuguese Jew." Van der Spyck's portrait of him shows us a perfectly handsome face. The forehead is not very conspicuous, but is very handsomely moulded; a broad and shallow furrow, scarcely perceptible, in the median line, testifies to the habitual contraction of the brows in thought. The eyes are not small; the orbit is very large, leaving between eye and eyebrow that all-important space where the soul seems to move; they look at you with a quite startling directness. The eyebrows are drawn in a wide true curve, dark and strong; the space between them is wide. The base of the nose is broad, and tapers downwards for some distance before reaching the level of the greatest narrowness, from which it swells out to form the bridge; the nose itself is Roman, with a slight Dantesque droop at the tip; broad on the level of the nostrils. The upper lip is very firm, the mouth exquisitely curved, and of a more lively appearance than any other feature of the face; its tendency to movement is controlled by a most sharply decisive line that cuts it obliquely downwards and back-

wards at the corner. The chin is large, massive, round, and handsome, of a firm, clear contour; and the face is set in a fine correct oval, with long dark hair flowing in broad waves down to the shoulders: every way a very noble face. So he looked, one thinks, when worthy Frau Van der Spyck asked him the uncomfortable question whether she could find salvation in the religion she professed. "Your religion is a good one," was the answer; "you have no cause to seek for any other, nor to doubt that you will find your salvation in it, so be it that whilst following piety you lead a peaceable and tranquil life." Those who feel curious concerning the outermost of the hulls in which the philosopher's spirit walked on earth, may choose between the statement of Stolle's old man, that he was nicely dressed, and wore a sword by his side; that of Colerus, that he was careless of his clothes, "which were no better than those of the most simple citizen;" and that of Lucas, that he "had a quality that is by so much the more estimable as it is rarely found in a philosopher: he was extremely clean, and never appeared in public without showing in his dress that which distinguishes the well-bred man from the pedant."

The four years spent at Rijnsburg were full of life and movement; and some of the moments in their flight must have shaken a little golden dust about the quiet room in which the "*Ethica*" was being written. They are the busiest years of the philosopher's life. Lessons were being ground, and lessons given, that he might eat. An extensive correspondence was being carried on; an occupation which must have taken up much more time in those old days, when people wrote letters of a score, or two score of pages, which they forwarded by the kind hands of some travelling friend, than in this century of telegrams, and post-cards, and public newspapers. Books were being written. Of the "Apology" we have already spoken. On reading it over in the quiet of his country retreat, "on the road to Auwerkerke," Spinoza probably reflected that the "dry light" was the better, and decided not to publish the MS. Instead, he set himself to treat the whole great question of liberty of thought, of Church and State, from the very foundations, in a thoroughly scientific manner. By the time he removed to Rijnsburg, the "Theologico-Political Treatise" was finished, or, at all events, was sufficiently advanced for him to be able to



set to work on the "*Ethica*." He did so, and in all probability produced, as the first result of his philosophical essay, the "Treatise on God and Man and his Welfare." He was, perhaps, dissatisfied with the form that this work lent to his ideas, and for that reason — probably for others besides — withheld it from publication, and started again courageously to develop the system anew on another principle, the principle of mathematical form, which finally gave us the "*Ethica*" in its present shape. This was written down so fast, that in 1663 Spinoza was thinking of publishing it. In the early summer of that year, he had occasion, as we know from a letter of his to Oldenburg, to make a trip to Amsterdam, "in order to fetch his furniture." Whilst he was there, certain friends asked him to make them a copy of a *résumé* of the second part of Descartes' "*Principia*," in the form of mathematical demonstration that he had dictated to Albert Burgh (if this be in reality the certain youth mentioned in his letter), for the use of the latter. At the same time they urged him to proceed, without loss of time, to a similar treatment of the first part of the "*Principia*."

Not liking to deny my friends [he writes to Oldenburg] I set myself straightway to the preparation of such a work; and finished it within two weeks, and handed it over to my friends. These then entreated me to allow them to publish the whole, —

a request to which he acceded.

For perhaps [he explains] some of those who fill the first places in my country, may be led by this writing to wish to see the other works which I have written, and which contain the exposition of my own opinions, and so may be induced to take measures for having them introduced to the public, safe under the escort of their authority. If it so fall out, I nothing doubt but that I shall shortly publish something; but if it be not so, I shall choose to be silent rather than intrude my opinions on my fellow-men against their desire.

The little book was published, together with an appendix of certain very suggestive "*Cogitata Metaphysica*," which form a bridge by which the student may pass, if he please, from Cartesianism to Spinozism. The "*Principia*" was a modest, and apparently a harmless little book enough, as befitted an innocent dove sent out to try whether in all the turbulent waters of the fatherland there might be found sufficient foothold for the "*Ethica*." Notwithstanding its airs of innocence, however, it soon became the cause of much throwing about

of brains, amongst the Cartesians. Lucas tells us that

notwithstanding all that he says in praise of this celebrated writer, his partisans (*i. e.* the Cartesians), in order to ward off from him the suspicion of atheism, tried all ways to bring down thunderbolts on our philosopher's head; thus putting in practice the policy of the followers of St. Augustine, who, in order to clear themselves of the reproach of leaning towards Calvinism, have written against that doctrine the most violent of books.

"*Battre le chien devant le lion*" appears to have been a very favorite device of theological warfare in the seventeenth and certain other centuries. The persons in the chief places in the land do not seem to have been attracted in the hoped-for manner by the "*Principia*," and for seven years to come Spinoza published nothing more.

In the month of May, 1664, he removed to Voorburg, a village distant one mile from the Hague. There he lived in the "Kerklaan," in the house of one Daniel Tydeman, an artist, "who seems to have held opinions more liberal than those that were generally current in the Reformed Church." The author of Müller's Dutch MS. suggests that it was Tydeman who first introduced Spinoza to the world of art. He may have had lessons in drawing, perhaps even in painting, from this artist. At all events, he seems to have undertaken art studies in a very serious way. He attained some proficiency in portrait-drawing in ink or charcoal. Colerus possessed an album of his portraits, amongst which were those of several distinguished persons, and one of himself, in the costume of a fisherman "*en chemise*," carrying a net on his shoulder.

Very pleasant must have been these outlooks into the world of external beauty; one feels quite grateful that the ascetic thinker was able to sun his fancy for a little while before the sweet, moving skies, and the sunshine modestly flickering on the prim, brick-paved courts, before the sleeping water-wheels and dreaming waters, and the interiors lit up by maidens in white satin dresses, of the old masters that we love. In this respect, at least, he was born into the world at a happy date. In 1664 Holland had awakened to an artistic life of the brightest glory. There were living Wynants, and Albert Cuyt, Terburg, Bol, Adrian van Ostade, Van Loo, Wouverman, Pynacker, Nicholaas Berghem, Ruisdael, Van der Velde, Backuysen, and Jan Steen. Potter had died in his brilliant youth, ten years before; Metsu also a few



years before; but still living, thinking, dreaming, and working hard, at the close of his splendid and miserable career, was that prince of luminous darkness, the magician Rembrandt. The hermit of Rijnsburg made an excursion now and then to Amsterdam; he was there in the spring of 1663. He may have strolled (one cannot help indulging in such imaginings) absorbed in some philosophema of the "*De Deo*," down the Roosgracht. Then, at the door of a mean house in this mean part of Amsterdam, there may have stood, refreshing himself in the sunshine, and absorbed in contemplation too, but in outward contemplation, a strange old man, with short disordered grizzly hair and beard, wearing a nightcap, or a colored kerchief for a headdress, and a fur-bordered dressing-gown variously spotted with dabs of paint. The philosopher, feeling that he was being scanned as he passed by, may have looked up at the wrinkled face, with its coarse puffy cheeks irregularly flecked with rich crimson blood, and started a little on remarking the powerful mouth, smiling its massive smile with its strong sanguine lips, the vertical fold of the brow with its two deep bordering furrows, and the small eyes shooting out from their deep setting their odd glance of energy and confidence. Then one thinks that these two great kindred spirits must have felt a shudder of no common order as their eyes met; or perhaps they may have felt nothing; the philosopher may have forgotten the distraction in a moment, and passed on in meditation, fancy free; whilst Rembrandt van Rhy, merely revolving in his mind his observations on Hebrew physiognomy, may have turned to a most exceedingly disorderly palette, and set to work to sketch a memorandum of this Jewish face, as material for some future "Head of an Evangelist."

Rembrandt, one thinks at all events, must have come home to Spinoza in his works with singular nearness. The two natures have singular points of likeness; their lives, as well as their work, have much of the same spirit. Both of these great men were mystics; both of them abstract thinkers, ideologists, metaphysicians preoccupied exclusively with the essence of things, and careless of the outsides of things; visionaries both, looking inwards and disdaining to look outwards; proud, impassable, absorbed in the idea to the extent of forgetting the reality, almost to the extent of denying the reality; alike in their lives of solitary labor, uncomplainingly persevering, and

answering the unjust criticism and the unjust neglect of their contemporaries by the production of monumental works that stand like pyramids, in their inimitable solitary grandeur, in the view of their posterity.

The six years' residence at Voorburg was, it may be hoped, a happy one; at all events, it was a tranquil one, and affords the biographer not an incident of any moment to relate. The "*Ethica*" was slowly crystallizing in the quiet into its perfect geometric form; the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*" was being thought over lovingly, and lovingly retouched; but, after the *fiasco* of the attempt to gain the public mind by means of the "*Principia*," Spinoza seems to have been quite undisturbed by any desire to publish it; a trait that is very characteristic of him. A large correspondence afforded him the means of instructing a coterie of earnest and eager disciples; sometimes, indeed, of instructing persons who were neither disciples nor earnest. Correspondents took up his time with the strangest questions. His friend Peter Balling had heard in the night certain groanings. Afterwards, his child fell ill, gave utterance to groanings which Balling recognized as identical with those he had before heard in the night, and died. Balling wrote to be instructed whether the groanings he had heard were "omens." Spinoza replied at some length in a very curious letter. He considered that the groanings heard by Balling were "imaginings." It had happened to himself, he related, that, waking up one morning, the images of which his dreams had been composed remained obstinately before his eyes, as vivid as though they had been real things. Amongst these was the image of a "certain black and filthy *Æthiopian*" whom he had never before seen. This image in great part disappeared when he directed his eyes *with attention* to a book or other object; but returned with the same vividness as it at first possessed, so soon as he allowed his eyes to fall anywhere *carelessly* (*sine attentione*). The image at length disappeared from the head downwards. His description of the phenomenon may be interesting to students of the psychology of dreams. The most interesting part of the letter is the passage in which he admits the possibility of a certain species of "omens." "The mind has a power of vague presentiment of future events, which it may sometimes exercise (*mens aliquid, quod futurum est, confuse potest presentire*)." The dreadful correspondence with

Blyenbergh took place in this period. Mijneer Willem van Blyen Bergh was a well-to-do merchant of Dordrecht, who occupied his leisure hours with dilettante metaphysics. On the 12th December, 1664, he wrote to his "unknown friend" Spinoza, to beg that he would explain certain doubts that had arisen in his mind on the perusal of the treatise of Descartes' "*Principia*." God is the creative cause of all actions, as well as of all substances. Therefore he created the act of will that caused Adam to eat that apple. Therefore, either the eating of that apple was not a sin, or God is the cause of evil. A few days after receiving this letter, Spinoza answered it at great length, with that grand sweetness of his that we feel to be of so much higher worth than mere politeness. As regards that apple, he called Mijneer van Blyen Bergh's attention to the fact that he had not specified what he meant by "evil." "As for me," he added, italicizing the statement as we have italicized it, "*I am unable to admit that sin and evil are anything of a positive nature at all.*" No! in this world, which is the splendid phantasmagory reflected from the changing outside of the infinite substance of God, all is good; and all is perfect; even the impious are units of the perfectness of the whole; they are the necessary shadows in the great scheme of *chiaroscuro*. The above italicized statement is not to be taken to be in any way an acceptance of the position that if sin be nothing positive, then the impious serve God equally well with the righteous. Once more, no! They are indeed, after their own fashion, expressions of the perfect will of God; but they are not to be compared with the righteous.

For they who know not God are but as the tool in the workman's hand, that serves unconsciously, and in its service is consumed; but the righteous serve God consciously, and through the service become ever more perfect (*improbi, quia Deum non cognoscunt, non sunt nisi instrumentum in manu artificis, quod inscium servit et serviendo consumitur; probi contra conscii serviunt, et serviendo perfectiores evadunt*).

More than one noble mind has found in this noble thought of Spinoza's a refuge of inestimable value, and has felt for it a quite unbounded gratitude. Mijneer van Blyen Bergh saw in it nothing but hard words, which he resented. He could not perceive what Spinoza "meant by '*to perfectiores evadere*,' nor what may be the meaning of '*to continuo perfectiores evadere*.'"

He returned to the charge with a very foolish letter of forty-two lengthy paragraphs, full of "objections." With similar heavy paper bullets of the brain he continued for the next three months to bombard the philosopher. He even managed to personally penetrate into his retreat at Voorburg, and argue with him there. Of the conversation that took place on that occasion, no record has been preserved. We learn from Blyen Bergh's next letter, that notwithstanding the intense efforts that he made to commit the colloquy to memory, he was unable to do so; and that when on the first opportunity he sat down to commit it to paper, he found that he could not remember one-fourth of the matter. He therefore begged that Spinoza would be kind enough to refresh his memory for him, and took the liberty of propounding five new questions. Concerning these, we shall probably have done our duty towards the curious reader, by relating that one of them is, "Whether, properly speaking, there be such a thing as error?" The persecution could be borne no longer, and, in his reply, Spinoza gently but firmly gave his questioner to understand that the demands on his time did not allow him to continue the correspondence. More agreeable was the renewal of the correspondence with Oldenburg, that had been allowed to lapse for nearly two years; and that now was carried gaily on with a new impetus through the greater part of the year 1665. Physical and metaphysical subjects were pleasantly discussed in these letters, and now and then some item of political gossip calls forth a tiny ripple on the surface of their philosophic calm. "I pass on to politics," wrote Oldenburg on the 8th December, 1665, at the end of a letter in which he had discussed the mechanics of Descartes, and of Hugens, and the physiological observations that were being made by the Royal Society at Oxford:—

In every mouth here there is a rumor of the return of the Jews into their fatherland, after their dispersion for more than two thousand years. Few here believe it, but many hope it. You will signify to your friend what you have heard of the thing, and what you think about it. I long to know what the Amsterdam Jews have heard of the matter, and in what way they are affected by such a piece of news, which, if it were true, would certainly seem to herald some catastrophe of the whole world.

Over his young friends of the philosophical club Spinoza continued to keep a fatherly watch. To one of them, namely,

to a certain Bresser, the same "J. B. Med. Dr." to whom the forty-second letter of Bruder's collection is addressed, Spinoza wrote the altogether charming page published by Van Vloten at p. 303 of his "*Supplementum*." He gently reproaches his young friend with his neglect, and urges him to write.

I earnestly ask of you, nay, by our friendship I beg and beseech you, that you now turn your attention to some serious study, and henceforth devote to the culture of your mind and soul the better part of your life; now, I say, now, whilst it is yet time, and before you have cause to lament the downhill of your years. As to our correspondence, I have a word to say, in order that you may write to me with the greater freedom. Know then that I have long suspected, nay, been almost certain, that you are more diffident of your own powers than is desirable, and that you are fearful of asking or stating something that may fail to smack of learning (*quod verum doctum non redolet*). I am not going to enter into praises of you, and narrate your gifts. But if you are fearful of my communicating your letters to others, so as to cause you to become a laughing-stock for them, I give you my word beforehand that I will keep them religiously for myself, and not communicate them to any soul without your leave.

Spinoza was in correspondence too with his friend Jarig Jellis, on philosophical matters, and on the attempts of one Helvetius to obtain gold by transmutation, a subject in which Spinoza seems to have been much interested.

His friends seem to have been dissatisfied with the remoteness and out-of-the-way character of the little village in which the master resided; and finally, in 1670, he yielded to their entreaties, and settled at the Hague. He there lived at first "*en pension*" on the Veexkaay, in the house of a certain Widow Van Velden. Finding this mode of life to be too expensive, he hired a room in the house of Henry Van der Spyck, an artist, on the Paviloengragt, "where he lived according to his fancy in a very retired manner, himself seeing to the providing of what food and drink was necessary for him."

This was an anxious year. In it, after some fourteen years of preparation, revision, and alternation of hope and despair, the "Theologico-Political Treatise" at length saw the light. Of the anxiety that must have attended its production, some idea may be formed from the precautions with which its publication was attended. It first appeared anonymously, under the title "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus, continens dissertationes aliquot, quibus ostenditur*

*ditur, libertatem philosophandi non tantum salva pietate et reipublica pace posse concedi, sed eandem nisi cum pace reipublice ipsaque pietate tolli non posse. Hamburgi, apud Henricum Kuenrath, 1670.*" Henry Kuenrath of Hamburg was a fiction, designed to lead the press-controlling authorities on to a false scent, the real publisher being Christopher Conrad of Amsterdam. The epitome of the contents of the book given in the declaration of the long title, that it showed "that freedom of philosophizing may not only exist without hurt to piety and the peace of the State, but that it cannot be withheld without hurt to the peace of the State and even to private piety," reticent though it was, was imprudently honest. The book was officially proscribed, though not, indeed, immediately on its appearance; for in February, 1671, we find Spinoza writing to Jarig Jellis to beg him to do his best to prevent a threatened translation of the book into Belgic; "which to prevent," he says, "is not only my desire but that of many friends and acquaintances, who would not willingly see the book proscribed, which it certainly would be if it appeared in the Belgic tongue." The very year it appeared it was attacked by Jacobus Thomasmus in a tract, "*Adversus anonymum de Libertate Philosophandi*;" by Fr. Rappoltus, in an "*Oratio contra Naturalistas*;" in 1671 by an anonymous S. M. V. D. M., in a certain "*Epistola*" directed against it; whilst from 1671 to 1676, that is, during the remainder nearly of the author's short life, it was copiously written against by authors whose names have now lost all interest. These attacks appear to have left Spinoza very much at his ease. Of the bulky quarto, "*Adversus anonymum Theologico-Politicum*," that the professor at Utrecht, Regnerus a Mansvelt, had written against him, he writes to a friend, "I have seen exposed in the bookseller's window a book that the Utrecht professor has written against me; and from what I was able to read of it, I judged it unworthy to be read, much more to be replied to. I shall therefore leave alone book and author." Early in 1671 one Lambert van Velthuysen (or Velthusius), a writer on theology and philosophy, attacked it in a letter of thirty-five pages that he wrote to Isaak Orobios, who forwarded it to Spinoza for refutation. In his letter to Orobios, Velthuysen accuses the author of the "*Tractatus*" of "subverting all worship and all religion, of secretly introducing atheism, or making God such that no room is left for his

divine government or providence, or distribution of rewards and penalties;" and thinks he is not far from the truth in judging the author "*tectis et fucatis argumentis merum atheismum docere.*" The manuscript draft of Spinoza's reply has been discovered, and it is very interesting from the manner in which it shows us the philosopher writing at first under the sway of a flush of wrath, but cooling down, after reflection, into more perfect reasonableness. The first draft began thus (the reply is addressed of course to Isaak Orobios): "You are doubtless astonished at my having made you wait so long for my answer; the fact is that I feel the greatest difficulty in bringing myself to reply to the ineptitudes (*ineptias*) of that man." On second thoughts he ran his pen through the word "*ineptias*," and substituted that of "*libellum*," feeling probably that to throw hard words at a theological adversary was mere waste of energy. A little further on in the draft we find a passage that attributed Velthuysen's misrepresentation of the "*Tractatus*" to malice or ignorance, and his vituperations of the author to malevolence (*malum animum*) and hatred of truth. This passage also he afterwards erased, and substituted a simple "but to proceed (*sed ad rem*)." Again, after his explanation of his doctrine of the liberty of God, he at first wrote a contemptuous "which seems to surpass this man's understanding,"—and subsequently softened it down into the inoffensive "I really can see nothing in this that any one should fail to understand." The dispute was conducted, on Spinoza's side at all events, with great dignity. The "Jew" nourished so little rancour in his heart, that four or five years afterwards he proposed to Velthuysen that a second attack on the "*Tractatus*" that the latter had written should be published between the same covers as the notes to the "*Tractatus*" that he was then thinking of bringing out. But no very great length of time can have elapsed before the "*Tractatus*" was hunted down and suppressed by the authorities. Three years after its first appearance, it was brought into circulation again as "*Danielis Heinsii operum historico-rum collectio prima. Editio secunda priori editione multo emendatior et auctior. Accedunt quædam hactenus inedita. Lugduni Batav., apud Isaacum Herculis, 1673.*" It circulated also at the same time under the titles of "*Francisci de la Boe Silvii totius medicinae idea nova. Edit. ii., Amstelodami, 1673;*" and "*Francisci Henriquez de Villacorta, doctoris*

*medici, a cubiculo regali Philippi IV. et Caroli II., archiatri, opera chirurgica omnia, sub auspiciis potentissimi Hispaniorum regis Caroli II. Amstelodami per Jacobum Pauli, 1673;*" these two last ingenious titles having been imagined for the purpose of smuggling the book into Spain and Portugal. It appeared in England as the treatise of Daniel Heinsius.

On the 5th November, 1671, the celebrated Leibnitz wrote our thinker a flattering letter, addressed to him with the odd superscription, "*A Monsieur Spinoza, médecin très-célèbre et philosophe très-profond, à Amsterdam.*" The matter of the letter is of little interest; it accompanied a copy of an optical treatise of Leibnitz', on which the latter asks Spinoza's opinion, "having heard, amongst the other praises that report has published concerning you, that you are remarkably skilled in optics." Spinoza replied politely in the same strain, touching on no subjects other than optical, and accepted with thanks the offer made him by Leibnitz of a copy of his "Physical Hypothesis;" offering in return to send a copy of the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus.*" Shortly afterwards, namely, in the very next month of January, Leibnitz wrote to his old master, Thomasius, concerning Spinoza in terms that implied that the latter was totally unknown to him, speaking of him as "a certain Jew, excommunicated on account of his monstrous opinions—as they write to me from Holland." (!) Other letters, now no longer extant, passed between the philosophers. From those of Leibnitz, Spinoza learned that he had to do with a man of most eminent talents; but they failed to inspire him with confidence in his character. To Leibnitz' endeavors to obtain, through Tschirnhaus, a sight of the "*Ethica*," Spinoza opposed a quiet but firm "I do not think it desirable that my writings should be communicated to him so soon." On his return from Paris through Holland, he visited Spinoza at the Hague. "I saw him when I passed through Holland," he wrote to the Abbé Gallois, "and had speech with him many times and at great length. He has a strange system of metaphysics, full of paradoxes." A system, we may remark *en passant*, that was not so "strange" as to prevent him from plagiarizing from it his doctrine of the "pre-established harmony," one of the most celebrated of the theories of the relation between "body" and "soul" that have been developed out of the position in which the problem was left by Descartes. Having to touch upon this visit in his



"*Théodide*," he passes over it as dry-footed as possible. "I saw M. de la Court, as well as Spinoza, on my return from France, and heard from them some good anecdotes touching the affairs of the times."

M. de la Court was a writer on politics, and the introduction of his name in this connection was nothing more or less than an ingeniously Jesuitical device for insinuating that for Leibnitz, the great Christian philosopher, the excommunicate Jew Spinoza was only an object of the most disinterested curiosity. His assertion that Spinoza "burnt his imperfect writings lest, being found after his death, they should diminish the glory which he sought to acquire by his writings (*ne gloriam, quam scribendo quærebat, imminerent*)," is an instructive instance of the manner in which a splendid intellect may be dragged into error by a meanness of the soul. Spinoza did not burn his "imperfect writings," for all of them, except the "*Apologia*," are extant; of the two that were published in his lifetime, only one, the "*Principia*," was signed; and for what reason it was signed the reader knows; for the rest we have the testimony of the editors of the "*Opera Posthuma*" that shortly before his death he gave express directions that his name should not be prefixed to the "*Ethica*," the darling work of his life. Gifted with as fine a brain as ever beat, Leibnitz carved out for himself a splendid career that may still dazzle us, but leaves our hearts unwarmed. As for the "excommunicate Jew" that he pretended to despise, we have come to love him and to honor him; we have made him our master, and have

Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,  
Made him our pattern to live and to die.

Notwithstanding that the "Theologico-Political Treatise" had been published anonymously, and that the only other work published by Spinoza, the "*Principia*," was a mere trifle, his fame had by this time been wafted far and wide. In February, 1673, Fabritius, the professor of philosophy at Heidelberg, wrote to him in the name of the elector palatine (Karl Ludwig, the son of Frederic V.) offering him in most eulogistic terms, the post of professor of philosophy in the University of Heidelberg.

You would enjoy [wrote Fabritius] the full-est liberty of teaching, which his Serene Highness believes you would not misuse to the disturbance of the established religion. . . . I,

for my part, add that if you come hither you will be able to lead in peace a life worthy of a philosopher.

The offer must have been a tempting one to any lover of learning, most especially to one so poor as to be obliged to grind a living out of lenses. Spinoza probably took very anxious counsel with himself before writing the refusal that he shortly sent:—

If ever [he replied to Fabritius] I could have wished for a professorship, it could only have been this one that his Serene Highness the elector palatine offers me; and that especially on account of the liberty of teaching that the most gracious prince deigns to offer me; not to mention that I have long desired to live under the rule of a prince whose wisdom is the admiration of all. But as indeed I have never had any desire to teach in public, so now I am unable to bring myself to embrace this brilliant opportunity, though I have long turned the matter over in my mind. For I reflect, firstly, that I should be hindered in the pursuit of philosophy if I were to give up my time to the teaching of youth; and secondly, I reflect that I do not know within what limits that liberty of teaching would have to be confined, so that I might not seem to be disturbing the established religion; since schisms arise not so much from an ardent zeal for religion as from the different passions of men, or from the desire of contradicting, which leads them to misrepresent and to condemn even doctrines that are rightly taught. It is not from any hope of higher fortune, but out of love of tranquillity, which I believe myself to be in some measure able to obtain, that I abstain from public teaching.

The following years, too, were not quite bare of emotional excitement. In 1672 the French invaded Holland, under the conduct of Turenne and the Prince of Condé. In 1673 there commanded in Utrecht one Stoupe, the lieutenant-colonel of one of the Swiss regiments of the king of France. Stoupe had been at one time the Savoy minister in London, in the time of Cromwell; and to these political and military activities he added the exercise of theological polemics. Whilst he was at Utrecht he published a book on "The Religion of the Dutch," in which he took to task the reformed theologians of Holland for having suffered such a book as the "Theologico-Political Treatise" to be printed in their country. By the order of Condé, Stoupe invited Spinoza to Utrecht, of which place Condé was taking over the government, and being greatly desirous to converse with Spinoza judged the opportunity a favorable one for so doing. A passport was forwarded to the philoso-



pher, who in the month of July started for Utrecht; moved by what reasons we are unable to conjecture. Condé had left before he arrived, and he was received by Stoupe, who assured him that his Highness would be delighted to use his interest for him, and had no doubt that he could obtain for him a pension from the king, if he would but dedicate some one of his writings to his Majesty. Spinoza "having no intention of dedicating anything to the king of France, refused the offer with all the civility of which he was capable." The philosopher was known to have been on terms of personal intimacy with the celebrated Jan de Witt, one of the leaders of the advanced republican party in Holland, who, with his brother, had been massacred by the mob on the occasion of an uprising of the Orange party.\* Jan de Witt used to attach great importance to the philosopher's friendship, consulting him frequently on important matters. At one time he desired to learn mathematics of him. During his life he had settled on him a pension of three hundred florins; on his death, his heirs having "raised difficulties" about the further payment of it, Spinoza quietly returned them the document by which it was assured; a step which caused them to reconsider their conduct, and finally to continue to pay him the pension without any further difficulty. The knowledge of this intimacy gave rise to a popular suspicion that Spinoza's visit to the French authorities had been undertaken in the interests of a political intrigue. The mob regarded him as a spy, and on his return were whispering that it would be well to get rid of ("*se défaire de*") so dangerous a man. Van der Spyck was alarmed, apparently not without reason, fearing that the mob would force the house and lay violent hands on the philosopher. Spinoza reassured him.

Fear nothing [he said], I can easily justify myself; the objects of my journey are known to many persons, and amongst them to some of the chief persons of the country. If the mob make the least noise at your door, I will go out to them, even though they should treat me as they did the poor De Witt.

Happily the crowd was by some means or other quieted, and Van der Spyck's household left in peace.

The "*Ethica*" had long been finished;

\* On which occasion Spinoza is said to have shed tears. He himself related that he was on the point of sallying out to affix in the streets at the spot of the massacres a placard with the words, "*Ultimi barbarorum.*" His host was obliged to employ force in order to keep him within doors.

and the last few years of Spinoza's life were occupied with the composition of his unfinished works, and with a very large correspondence. The "Political Treatise" was occupying his attention; part of it had been communicated to at least one friend by the year 1674, as we learn from the fiftieth letter of Bruder's collection. Lighter occupation was afforded him by a correspondent who teased him greatly with questions concerning "spectres and lemurs." He had to reply gravely and politely to such questions as "whether there be such things as spectres and lemurs; and if so, how long do they live." Before formally deciding this point, he requested the writer to explain what he meant by these "spectres or spirits." "Are they mad?" he asked, "or foolish? or childish? for the things I have heard concerning them are like nothing so much as the imbecilities of children or of idiots." (It is sad to think that two centuries of evolution should have left the spirits unimproved in this respect.) Nothing daunted, the inquirer furnished a statement of the reasons for his belief. He thought that they exist, for the following reasons: "Firstly, because it belongs to the fairness and perfection of this universe that such should exist." Let us pass over the three remaining reasons, and proceed to record the writer's opinion, "that there be spirits of all species, yet none of the female sex"—an opinion which certainly procured Spinoza a hearty laugh, as the curious reader may assure himself from his answer (Ep. 58 of Bruder), in which he takes the trouble to examine his questioner's "reasons" one by one, at great length. Van Vloten has shown, in his interesting "*Collectanea ad vitam Spinoza,*" that the anonymous correspondent to whom the group of letters comprising Nos. 61 to 72 of Bruder are directly or indirectly addressed was no other than Walther von Tschirnhaus, the author of the celebrated work, "*De Medicina Mentis.*" He has also shown, in the most exhaustive manner, that that composition is nothing more than a plagiarism, of the most dishonest description, from the works of Tschirnhaus's great master. Its principles are taken from Spinoza's "*De Emendatione Intellectus,*" and are frequently set forth in Spinoza's own words. Of his debt to his master, Tschirnhaus makes not a syllable of mention, only referring to him once, anonymously, as a "*quidam*" who had "reduced the '*Principia*' of Descartes to a mathematical form." "And writers have endeavored,"

he adds, "to cast their reflections on ethics (*sua cogitata ethica*) into such a form." Once more, the sad spectacle of great meanness allied to great talents!

We have nearly exhausted the history of Spinoza's outward life. One or two events, for which the dates are wanting, alone remain to be related. The philosopher's father died, leaving a scanty succession to be divided between him and his two sisters. The latter endeavored to exclude him from his share, pretexting the fact of his excommunication as a legal bar. He resisted this act of fanaticism and injustice, feeling certainly that he was by so doing combating a tyrannous principle of thought, rather than resisting an attempt at petty extortion. One would like to think that the sisters were prompted to this unsisterly act rather by the bitterness of fanaticism than by their greed of old furniture; but it appears more likely that they were moved by both these forces. They were legally condemned to carry out the division of the succession; but Spinoza, having successfully asserted his principle that thought should not be persecuted, abandoned his share to them, "only keeping out of it for his own use a bed" — the rest the sisters seem to have accepted. Verily, whom the gods love, they chasten. Small as was Spinoza's stock of worldly goods, it numbered such articles of curiosity as a *justaucorps* pierced by a dagger-thrust, a parchment that solemnly cursed him and cast him out of the fellowship of man and God, and a bed that reminded him that his sisters would fain have left him without a bed to sleep on: all this because he had dared to say that the letter of the law was dead and insignificant, and that piety is enough, and that the Pentateuch was not written by Moses. We turn with pleasure to the other undated facts. Spinoza's good friend Simon de Vries brought him one day a present of two thousand florins. The philosopher, "in the presence of his host, civilly excused himself from accepting the money, saying that he was in need of nothing, and that the possession of so much money would only serve to distract him from his studies and occupations." But Simon de Vries did not abandon his project of providing for the sage's welfare. He made his will in his favor, constituting him heir to the whole of his property, an arrangement which he was able to make without injury to more pressing claims, as he was without wife or child. But Spinoza gave him to understand that he would never accept the legacy, which he consid-

ered to be unjust on account of its defeating the natural expectations of a brother whom De Vries had living. De Vries yielded, and made his brother heir, charging the legacy, however, "with an annuity for Spinoza for his life, sufficient for his subsistence." On his death, the brother offered Spinoza an annuity of five hundred florins, which he refused, "esteeming it to be too considerable," and caused it to be reduced to the sum of three hundred florins; which was paid him regularly until his death.

The last few years of his short life must have been passed peacefully and cheerfully. Peace of mind he had, at all events, for the work of his life was done — perfectly done. The "Theologico-Political Treatise," the work of most immediate practical importance to mankind, was not only written but published. The "*Ethica*," that great pyramid of lofty thoughts built upon geometric lines, and fitted together with such minute and careful workmanship — tower of refuge, temple reared to the glory of the One Infinite Substance — was finished. The worker, we think, lingered lovingly over the last finishing touches, loath for very love to quit the work; perhaps, too, a little anxious lest some slight oversight should have been committed that would mar its fairness, and that might still be mended. The picture that history has handed down to us of Spinoza in these latter years is more than romantic in its sweetness and peacefulness. Coler's account of the manner in which he passed his time has already been given. Colerus tells us besides that his manners were sweet and peaceful. He was to an admirable degree the master of his passions. No one ever saw him either very sad or very gay. In anger, he retained his self-possession; and of the vexations that befell him not a trace was visible in his exterior; or if there escaped him one word or gesture that testified to his chagrin, he would retire at once, in order not to offend against good manners. He was affable and easy in the commerce of life, conversing frequently with his hostess and the people of the house. He exhorted the children to attend frequently at church, and to be obedient and submissive to their parents. When the people of the house returned from church he often inquired of them what profit they had derived from the sermon, and in what respects they were edified by it. He had a great esteem for Dr. Cordès (Coler's predecessor in the ministry), "a learned man, of a pious nature and exemplary life, for the

which Spinoza often praised him. Sometimes he even went to hear him preach, and attached great value to the learned manner in which he explained the Scriptures, and his solid applications of their doctrine. He used to exhort his hostess and the people of the house never to miss any of the sermons of so gifted a man."

Once more he suffered a hard rub from contact with the world. Correspondence with Oldenburg had been interrupted for nearly ten years, when, in the early months of 1675, Spinoza sent his old friend a letter and a copy of the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*." On the 5th July, 1675, he wrote to Oldenburg that he was about to publish the "*Ethica*," and at the end of the month he set out for Amsterdam to arrange for the publication of the book.

Whilst I was so engaged [he writes] a rumor was being spread everywhere that there was a certain book of mine under the press, and that I endeavored to show in it that there is no God, which rumor was believed by many. Whence certain theologians (very likely themselves the authors of the rumor) took occasion to denounce me before the magistracy; and certain stolid Cartesians, who are believed to hold my views, began to go about, and are still going about, uttering abuse of my writings and opinions, in order to clear themselves of that suspicion.

This state of things became day by day worse, and the publication of the book was suspended. It is probable that on reflection he decided that the book should be withheld until after his death, promising himself that he would devote the remaining years of his life to the elaboration of the subordinate members of his system of thought. Such works were begun by him, and their remains make us regret that their author did not live to complete them. One of them, the "*De Intellectus Emendatione*," probably one of his earliest works, is a noble fragment, every way worthy to stand beside the "*Ethica*." It appears to have been at this time that he made those excursions into the domain of natural history of which Colerus makes mention. "He used to observe with the microscope the parts of the smallest insects, whence he used afterwards to draw the inferences that seemed best to accord with his discoveries." This may point to biological studies undertaken in the interest of an unwritten book, in which the laws of life were to be exposed. We are unfortunately unable to say whether he was stimulated to these researches by a knowledge of the splendidly persevering and acute observation of his contemporary and

countryman Leeuwenhoek, the father of modern microscopic anatomy.

We can well believe that Spinoza's health was never robust—that he was delicate, unhealthy, emaciated. Colerus adds that he had suffered from phthisis for more than twenty years before his death, and other authors have repeated his statement. It is, however, difficult to believe that such arduous work as that accomplished by Spinoza was performed in the teeth of such an enervating disease as pulmonary consumption. The last twenty years of his life, it should be remembered, cover just the latter half of it: from his excommunication, namely, in 1656, to his death early in 1677; that is to say, they include the whole period of his labors as an author. To the labor, assuredly immense, of the composition of such works as the "*Ethica*," we have to add that of the trade by which he gained his daily bread. Phthisis is a disease of a peculiarly enervating nature, peculiarly destructive of the courage necessary to support such long and arduous work. Is it not more reasonable to suppose that, always of a phthisical diathesis, Spinoza brought on an attack of consumption by undue abandonment to his sedentary mode of life? "He would sometimes pass three months without leaving the house." By such a mode of life disease must have been brought on.

Spinoza escaped a lingering illness, and on the afternoon of the 21st of February, 1677, placidly breathed his last. The tongue of slander was not silenced by the presence of death. The imaginations of the seventeenth century could not help dressing out the "deathbeds of infidels" with the blackest colors and the most horribly fantastic incidents. We do not know whether the profession of pantheism in particular was supposed to be visited with "horrible deaths brought on by special diseases;" but our great writer's epigram loses all appearance of caricature when we compare it with the rumors that were current on the occasion of Spinoza's death. The author of "*Menagiana*," a book published in Amsterdam in 1695, asserts that he died in France, from fear of being put into the Bastille. Other stories relate the precautions taken by him during his illness, in order to avoid visitors "the sight of whom would importune him" (that is, we imagine, as the sight of the blessed forms one of the torments of the damned). One account states that he was heard frequently to pronounce the name of God during his illness, with a

sigh. Another declares that he was heard many times to cry, "O God! have pity on me, miserable sinner!"—"which having given occasion to those around him to ask him whether he now believed in the existence of a God whose judgments he had every reason to fear after his death, he replied that the words had only escaped him unintentionally, by force of habit." Amongst still other tales, we read that he kept constantly in readiness "a preparation of mandragora juice, which he drank as soon as he felt the approach of death, . . . and having drawn the curtains of his bed, fell into a deep sleep, losing consciousness, and thus passed from this life into eternity." Even the worthy and usually scrupulous Colerus cannot refrain from contributing a glimmer of lurid fancy to the scene; and allows his dislike of Ludwig Meyer's opinions to draw him into writing that no sooner was Spinoza dead than he "seized a ducat, some small money that the deceased had left on the table, and a silver-handled knife, and retreated with his booty." Colerus himself has thoroughly demonstrated the falsehood of all of these absurd stories, except the last, which may fairly enough be written down as too absurd to need refutation. It is possible, as suggested by the writer of Müller's manuscript, that Spinoza in his last moments may have given his old and tried friend some small articles as keepsakes; and that this may have been the germ from which the libel grew.

Let us sum up. Spinoza was no abstract pedant, susceptible of being fully described by the statement of a handbook of literature that he was a "mathematician and metaphysician," and lived "from such a date to such a date, in such and such places;" on the contrary, he was largely and eminently human. There are two natures in Spinoza, that of the man of quick, wide sympathies, to whom nothing that is human is foreign, as well as that of the mystic, extra-mundane reasoner. In the early years of his life we can trace, with considerable sureness, the quick flashes of the fiery southern blood that fed his veins. He was never wanting in impulsiveness, but impulse in him was always more or less controlled by reason; and the control of reason grew through the lifelong practice of reflection and restraint into an ever more perfect mastery. The grandeur and the majestic pride of the Portuguese he retained to the last. His Jewish descent appears in the lofty confidence that enabled him to stand fast in the isolation of his philosophic vision, with-

drawn from fellowship with the thoughts of men; alone, like the Hebrew prophets of old time, with God. Laboring unremittingly in the practice of piety, he succeeded in moulding his soul at length into a form of consummate moral beauty. He has been accused of pusillanimity, we have found him constantly brave; of bitterness, and we have met with the greatest sweetness of disposition and of behavior everywhere in his life; of sensuality, and we have found every reason to believe that his life was one of perfect purity. We have seen him to have been totally devoid of ambition, that so general concomitant of genius; in all relations of life we have found him surpassingly modest, affable, sincere, and generous. In his contempt, not only of riches, but even of comfort, he was almost quixotic. He loved truth passionately, and with perfect disinterestedness. To the preservation of the independence and integrity of his soul he made unheard-of sacrifices, and it is by his splendid solution of this thorny practical problem, more than for aught else that he has wrung from us our unbounded admiration and our unbounded gratitude. Let us not fall short of the truth through fear of falling into exaggeration: Spinoza's life was of a beauty to which history can hardly find a parallel; on that Sunday afternoon of the 21st of February, two hundred years ago, there cracked as noble and as sweet a heart as ever beat in human breast.

ARTHUR BOLLES LEE.

#### THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF  
"MALCOLM," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

#### THE MIND OF THE AUTHOR.

THE next was the last day of the raining. They must finish the tale that morning, and on the following set out to return home, travelling as they had come. Clementina had not the strength of mind to deny herself that last indulgence—a long four days' ride in the company of this strangest of attendants. After that, if not the deluge, yet a few miles of Sahara.

"It is the opinion of many that he has entered into a Moravian mission, for the use of which he had previously drawn considerable sums," read Malcolm, and paused with book half closed.



"Is that all?" asked Florimel.

"Not quite, my lady," he answered. "There isn't much more, but I was just thinking whether we hadn't come upon something worth a little reflection—whether we haven't here a window into the mind of the author of 'Waverley,' whoever he may be, Mr. Scott or another."

"You mean?" said Clementina interrogatively, and looked up from her work, but not at the speaker.

"I mean, my lady, that perhaps we here get a glimpse of the author's own opinions, or feelings rather, perhaps."

"I do not see what of the sort you can find there," returned Clementina.

"Neither should I, my lady, if Mr. Graham had not taught me how to find Shakespeare in his plays. A man's own nature, he used to say, must lie at the heart of what he does, even though not another man should be sharp enough to find him there. Not a hypocrite, the most consummate, he would say, but has his hypocrisy written in every line of his countenance and motion of his fingers. The heavenly Lavaters can read it, though the earthly may not be able."

"And you think you can find him out?" said Clementina dryly.

"Not the hypocrite, my lady, but Mr. Scott here. He is only round a single corner. And one thing is—he believes in a God."

"How do you make that out?"

"He means this Mr. Tyrrel for a fine fellow, and on the whole approves of him—does he not, my lady?"

"Certainly."

"Of course all that duelling is wrong. But then Mr. Scott only half disapproves of it. — And it is almost a pity it is wrong," remarked Malcolm with a laugh, "it is such an easy way of settling some difficult things. Yet I hate it. It is so cowardly. I may be a better shot than the other, and know it all the time. He may know it too, and have twice my courage. And I may think him in the wrong, when he *knows* himself in the right. — There *is* one man I have felt as if I should like to kill. When I was a boy I killed the cats that ate my pigeons."

A look of horror almost distorted Lady Clementina's countenance.

"I don't know what to say next, my lady," he went on with a smile, "because I have no way of telling whether you look shocked for the cats I killed or the pigeons they killed, or the man I would rather see killed than have him devour more of my

— white doves," he concluded sadly, with a little shake of the head. "But, please God," he resumed, "I shall manage to keep them from him, and let him live to be as old as Methuselah if he can, even if he should grow in cunning and wickedness all the time. I wonder how he will feel when he comes to see what a sneaking cat he is? — But this is not what we set out for. It was that Mr. Tyrrel, the author's hero, joins the Moravians at last."

"What are they?" questioned Clementina.

"Simple, good, practical Christians, I believe," answered Malcolm.

"But he only does it when disappointed in love."

"No, my lady, he is not disappointed. The lady is only dead."

Clementina stared a moment—then dropped her head as if she understood. Presently she raised it again and said, "But, according to what you said the other day, in doing so he was forsaking altogether the duties of the station in which God had called him."

"That is true. It would have been a far grander thing to do his duty where he was, than to find another place and another duty. An earldom allotted is better than a mission preferred."

"And at least you must confess," interrupted Clementina, "that he only took to religion because he was unhappy."

"Certainly, my lady, it is the nobler thing to seek God in the days of gladness, to look up to him in trustful bliss when the sun is shining. But if a man be miserable, if the storm *is* coming down on him, what is he to do? There is nothing mean in seeking God then, though it would have been nobler to seek him before. But to return to the matter in hand: the author of 'Waverley' makes his noble-hearted hero, whom assuredly he had no intention of disgracing, turn Moravian; and my conclusion from it is, that in his judgment nobleness leads in the direction of religion—that he considers it natural for a noble mind to seek comfort there for its deepest sorrows."

"Well, it may be so; but what is religion without consistency in action?" said Clementina.

"Nothing," answered Malcolm.

"Then how can you, professing to believe as you do, cherish such feelings toward any man as you have just been confessing?"

"I don't cherish them, my lady. But I succeed in avoiding hate better than in suppressing contempt, which perhaps is



the worse of the two. There may be some respect in hate."

Here he paused, for here was a chance that was not likely to recur. He might say before two ladies what he could not say before one. If he could but rouse Florimel's indignation! Then at any suitable time only a word more would be needful to direct it upon the villain. Clementina's eyes continued fixed upon him. At length he spoke: "I will try to make two pictures in your mind, my lady, if you will help me to paint them. In *my* mind they are not *painted* pictures.—A long seacoast, my lady, and a stormy night; the sea-horses rushing in from the north-east, and the snowflakes beginning to fall. On the margin of the sea a long dune or sandbank, and on the top of it, her head bare and her thin cotton dress nearly torn from her by the wind, a young woman, worn and white, with an old faded tartan shawl tight about her shoulders, and the shape of a baby inside it upon her arm."

"Oh, she doesn't mind the cold," said Florimel. "When I was there I didn't mind it a bit."

"She does not mind the cold," answered Malcolm: "she is far too miserable for that."

"But she has no business to take the baby out on such a night," continued Florimel, carelessly critical. "You ought to have painted her by the fireside. They have all of them firesides to sit at. I have seen them through the windows many a time."

"Shame or cruelty had driven her from it," said Malcolm, "and there she was."

"Do you mean you saw her yourself wandering about?" asked Clementina.

"Twenty times, my lady."

Clementina was silent.

"Well, what comes next?" said Florimel.

"Next comes a young gentleman—but this is a picture in another frame, although of the same night—a young gentleman in evening dress, sipping his madeira, warm and comfortable, in the bland temper that should follow the best of dinners, his face beaming with satisfaction after some boast concerning himself, or with silent success in the concoction of one or two compliments to have at hand when he joins the ladies in the drawing-room."

"Nobody can help such differences," said Florimel. "If there were nobody rich, who would there be to do anything for the poor? It's not the young gentleman's fault that he is better born and has more money than the poor girl."

"No," said Malcolm; "but what if the poor girl has the young gentleman's child to carry about from morning to night?"

"Oh, well, I suppose she's paid for it," said Florimel, whose innocence must surely have been supplemented by some stupidity born of her flippancy.

"Do be quiet, Florimel," said Clementina: "you don't know what you are talking about."

Her face was in a glow, and one glance at it set Florimel's in a flame. She rose without a word, but with a look of mingled confusion and offence, and walked away. Clementina gathered her work together. But ere she followed her she turned to Malcolm, looked him calmly in the face, and said, "No one can blame you for hating such a man."

"Indeed, my lady, but some one would—the only One for whose praise or blame we ought to care more than a straw or two. He tells us we are neither to judge nor to hate. But——"

"I cannot stay and talk with you," said Clementina. "You must pardon me if I follow your mistress."

Another moment and he would have told her all, in the hope of her warning Florimel. But she was gone.

#### CHAPTER XLV.

#### THE RIDE HOME.

FLORIMEL was offended with Malcolm: he had put her confidence in him to shame, speaking of things to which he ought not once to have even alluded. But Clementina was not only older than Florimel, but in her loving endeavors for her kind had heard many a pitiful story, and was now saddened by the tale, not shocked at the teller. Indeed, Malcolm's mode of acquainting her with the grounds of the feeling she had challenged pleased both her heart and her sense of what was becoming; while as a partisan of women, finding a man also of their part, she was ready to offer him the gratitude of all womankind in her one typical self. "What a rough diamond is here!" she thought. "Rough!" echoed her heart: "how is he rough? What fault could the most fastidious find with his manners? True, he speaks as a servant; and where would be his manners if he did not? But neither in tone, expression nor way of thinking is he in the smallest degree servile. He is like a great pearl, clean out of the sea—bred, it is true, in the midst of strange surroundings, but pure as the moonlight; and if a man, so environed, yet has grown so grand,

what might he not become with such privileges as ——"

Good Clementina! what did she mean? Did she imagine that such mere gifts as she might give him could do for him more than the great sea, with the torment and conquest of its winds and tempests? more than his own ministrations of love and victories over passion and pride? What the final touches of the shark-skin are to the marble that stands lord of the flaming bow, that only can wealth and position be to the man who has yielded neither to the judgments of the world nor the drawing of his own inclinations, and so has submitted himself to the chisel and mallet of his Maker. Society is the barber who trims a man's hair, often very badly too, and pretends he made it grow. If her owner should take her, body and soul, and make of her being a gift to his — ah, then indeed! But Clementina was not yet capable of perceiving that, while what she had in her thought to offer *might* hurt him, it *could* do him little good. Her feeling concerning him, however, was all the time far indeed from folly. Not for a moment did she imagine him in love with her. Possibly she admired him too much to attribute to him such an intolerable and insolent presumption as that would have appeared to her own inferior self. Still, she was far indeed from certain, were she, as befits the woman so immeasurably beyond even the aspiration of the man, to make him offer implicit of hand and havings, that he would reach out his hand to take them. And certainly that she was not going to do; in which determination, whether she knew it or not, there was as much modesty and gracious doubt of her own worth as there was pride and maidenly recoil. In one resolve she was confident, that her behavior toward him should be such as to keep him just where he was, affording him no smallest excuse for taking one step nearer, and they would soon be in London, where she would see nothing — or next to nothing — more of him. But should she ever cease to thank God — that was, if ever she came to find him — that in this room he had shown her what he could do in the way of making a man? Heartily she wished she knew a nobleman or two like him. In the mean time she meant to enjoy with carefulness the ride to London, after which things should be as before they left.

The morning arrived; they finished breakfast; the horses came round and stood at the door, all but Kelpie. The ladies mounted. Ah, what a morning to

leave the country and go back to London! The sun shone clear on the dark pine woods; the birds were radiant in song; all under the trees the ferns were unrolling each its mystery of ever-generating life; the soul of the summer was there, whose mere idea sends the heart into the eyes, while itself flits mocking from the cage of words. A gracious mystery it was — in the air, in the sun, in the earth, in their own hearts. The lights of heaven mingled and played with the shadows of the earth, which looked like the souls of the trees, that had been out wandering all night, and had been overtaken by the sun ere they could re-enter their dark cells. Every motion of the horses under them was like a throb of the heart of the earth, every bound like a sigh of her bliss. Florimel shouted almost like a boy with ecstasy, and Clementina's moonlight went very near changing into sunlight as she gazed and breathed and knew that she was alive.

They started without Malcolm, for he must always put his mistress up and then go back to the stable for Kelpie. In a moment they were in the wood, crossing its shadows. It was like swimming their horses through a sea of shadows. Then came a little stream, and the horses splashed it about like children from very gamesomeness. Half a mile more, and there was a saw-mill with a mossy wheel, a pond behind dappled with sun and shade, a dark rush of water along a brown trough, and the air full of the sweet smell of sawn wood. Clementina had not once looked behind, and did not know whether Malcolm had yet joined them or not. All at once the wild vitality of Kelpie filled the space beside her, and the voice of Malcolm was in her ears. She turned her head. He was looking very solemn. "Will you let me tell you, my lady, what this always makes me think of?" he said.

"What in particular do you mean?" returned Clementina coldly.

"This smell of new-sawn wood that fills the air, my lady."

She bowed her head.

"It makes me think of Jesus in his father's workshop," said Malcolm — "how he must have smelled the same sweet scent of the trees of the world, broken for the uses of men, that is now so sweet to me. Oh, my lady, it makes the earth very holy and very lovely to think that as we are in the world, so was he in the world. Oh, my lady, think! If God should be so nearly one with us that it was

nothing strange to him thus to visit his people! that we are not the offspring of the soulless tyranny of law that knows not even its own self, but the children of an unfathomable wonder, of which science gathers only the foam-bells on the shore—children in the house of a living Father—so entirely our Father that he cares even to death that we should understand and love him!”

He reined Kelpie back, and as she passed on his eyes caught a glimmer of emotion in Clementina's. He fell behind, and all that day did not come near her again.

Florimel asked her what he had been saying, and she compelled herself to repeat a part of it.

“He is always saying such odd, out-of-the-way things,” remarked Florimel. “I used sometimes, like you, to fancy him a little astray, but I soon found I was wrong. I wish you could have heard him tell a story he once told my father and me. It was one of the wildest you ever heard. I can't tell to this day whether he believed it himself or not. He told it quite as if he did.”

“Could you not make him tell it again as we ride along? It would shorten the way.”

“Do you want the way shortened? I don't. But indeed it would not do to tell it so. It ought to be heard just where I heard it—at the foot of the ruined castle where the dreadful things in it took place. You must come and see me at Lossie House in the autumn, and then he shall tell it you. Besides, it ought to be told in Scotch, and there you will soon learn enough to follow it: half the charm depends on that.”

Although Malcolm did not again approach Clementina that day, he watched almost her every motion as she rode. Her lithe graceful back and shoulders—for she was a rebel against the fashion of the day in dress as well as in morals, and believing in the natural stay of the muscles, had found them responsive to her trust—the noble poise of her head, and the motions of her arms, easy yet decided, were ever present to him, though sometimes he could hardly have told whether to his sight or his mind—now in the radiance of the sun, now in the shadow of the wood, now against the green of the meadow, now against the blue of the sky, and now in the faint moonlight, through which he followed, as a ghost in the realms of Hades might follow the ever-fitting

phantom of his love. Day glided after day. Adventure came not near them. Soft and lovely as a dream the morning dawned, the noon flowed past, the evening came; and the death that followed was yet sweeter than the life that had gone before. Through it all, day-dream and nightly trance, radiant air and moony mist, before him glode the shape of Clementina, its every motion a charm. After that shape he could have been content—oh, how content!—to ride on and on through the ever-unfolding vistas of an eternal succession. Occasionally his mistress would call him to her, and then he would have one glance at the dayside of the wondrous world he had been following. Somewhere within it must be the word of the living One. Little he thought that all the time she was thinking more of him who had spoken that word in her hearing. That he was the object of her thoughts not a suspicion crossed the mind of the simple youth. How could he imagine a lady like her taking a fancy to what, for all his marquisate, he still was in his own eyes, a raw young fisherman, only just learning how to behave himself decently? No doubt, ever since she began to listen to reason, the idea of her had been spreading like a sweet odor in his heart, but not because she had listened to *him*. The very fullness of his admiration had made him wrathful with the intellectual dishonesty—for in her it could not be stupidity—that quenched his worship, and the first dawning sign of a *reasonable* soul drew him to her feet, where, like Pygmalion before his statue, he could have poured out his heart in thanks that she consented to be a woman. But even the intellectual phantom, nay even the very phrase of being in love with her, had never risen upon the dimmest verge of his consciousness; and that although her being had now become to him of all but absorbing interest. I say *all but*, because Malcolm knew something of One whose idea she was, who had uttered her from the immortal depths of his imagination. The man to whom no window into the treasures of the Godhead has yet been opened may well scoff at the notion of such a love, for he has this advantage, that, while one like Malcolm can never cease to love, he, gifted being, can love to day and forget tomorrow—or next year—where is the difference? Malcolm's main thought was, What a grand thing it would be to rouse a woman like Clementina to lift her head into the

regions mild of calm and serene air,  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot  
Which men call earth!

If any one think that love has no right to talk religion, I answer for Malcolm at least, asking, Whereof shall a man speak if not out of the abundance of his heart? That man knows little either of love or of religion who imagines they ought to be kept apart. Of what sort, I ask, is either if unfit to approach the other? Has God decreed, created a love that must separate from himself? Is Love then divided? Or shall not love to the heart created lift up the heart to the Heart creating? Alas for the love that is not treasured in heaven! for the moth and the rust will devour it. Ah, these pitiful old moth-eaten loves!

All the journey, then, Malcolm was thinking how to urge the beautiful lady into finding for herself whether she had a Father in heaven or no. A pupil of Mr. Graham, he placed little value in argument that ran in any groove but that of persuasion, or any value in persuasion that had any end but action.

On the second day of the journey he rode up to his mistress, and told her, taking care that Lady Clementina should hear, that Mr. Graham was now preaching in London, adding that for his part he had never before heard anything fit to call preaching. Florimel did not show much interest, but asked where, and Malcolm fancied he could see Lady Clementina make a mental note of the place.

"If only," he thought, "she would let the power of that man's faith have a chance of influencing her, all would be well."

The ladies talked a good deal, but Florimel was not in earnest about anything, and for Clementina to have turned the conversation upon those possibilities, dim-dawning through the chaos of her world, which had begun to interest her, would have been absurd, especially since such was her confusion and uncertainty that she could not tell whether they were clouds or mountains, shadows or continents. Besides, why give a child sovereigns to play with when counters or dominos would do as well? Clementina's thoughts could not have passed into Florimel and become her thoughts. Their hearts, their natures, must come nearer first. Advise Florimel to disregard rank, and marry the man she loved! As well counsel the child to give away the cake he would cry for with intensified selfishness the moment he had parted with it! Still, there was that in her feeling for

Malcolm which rendered her doubtful in Florimel's presence.

Between the grooms little passed. Griffith's contempt for Malcolm found its least offensive expression in silence, its most offensive in the shape of his countenance. He could not make him the simplest reply without a sneer. Malcolm was driven to keep mostly behind. If by any chance he got in front of his fellow-groom, Griffith would instantly cross his direction and ride between him and the ladies. His look seemed to say he had to protect them.

#### CHAPTER XLVI.

##### PORTLAND PLACE.

THE latter part of the journey was not so pleasant: it rained. It was not cold, however, and the ladies did not mind it much. It accorded with Clementina's mood; and as to Florimel, but for the thought of meeting Caley, her fine spirits would have laughed the weather to scorn. Malcolm was merry. His spirits always rose at the appearance of bad weather, as indeed with every show of misfortune: a response antagonistic invariably awoke in him. On the present occasion he had even to repress the constantly recurring impulse to break out in song. His bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne. Griffith was the only miserable one of the party. He was tired, and did not relish the thought of the work to be done before getting home. They entered London in a wet fog, streaked with rain and dyed with smoke. Florimel went with Clementina for the night, and Malcolm carried a note from her to Lady Bellair, after which, having made Kelpie comfortable, he went to his lodgings.

When he entered the curiosity-shop the woman received him with evident surprise, and when he would have passed through to the stair, stopped him with the unwelcome information that, finding he did not return, and knowing nothing about himself or his occupation, she had, as soon as the week for which he had paid in advance was out, let the room to an old lady from the country.

"It is no great matter to me," said Malcolm, thoughtful over the woman's want of confidence in him, for he had rather liked her, "only I am sorry you could not trust me a little."

"It's all you know, young man," she returned. "People as live in London must take care of theirselves, not wait for other people to do it. They'd soon find



theirselves nowheres in partic'lar. I've took care on your things, an' laid 'em all together, an' the sooner you find another place for 'em the better, for they do take up a deal o' room."

His personal property was not so bulky, however, but that in ten minutes he had it all in his carpet-bag and a paper parcel, carrying which he re-entered the shop. "Would you oblige me by allowing these to lie here till I come for them?" he said.

The woman was silent for a moment. "I'd rather see the last on 'em," she answered. "To tell the truth, I don't like the look on 'em. You acts a part, young man. I'm on the square myself. But you'll find plenty to take you in. No, I can't do it. Take 'em with you."

Malcolm turned from her, and with his bag in one hand and the parcel under the other arm stepped from the shop into the dreary night. There he stood in the drizzle. It was a by-street, into which gas had not yet penetrated, and the oil lamps shone red and dull through the fog. He concluded to leave the things with Merton while he went to find a lodging.

Merton was a decent sort of fellow — *not* in his master's confidence — and Malcolm found him quite as sympathetic as the small occasion demanded. "It ain't no sort o' night," he said, "to go lookin' for a bed. Let's go an' speak to my old woman: she's a oner at contrivin'."

He lived over the stable, and they had but to go up the stair. Mrs. Merton sat by the fire. A cradle with a baby was in front of it. On the other side sat Caley in suppressed exultation, for here came what she had been waiting for — the first fruits of certain arrangements between her and Mrs. Catanach. She greeted Malcolm distantly, but neither disdainfully nor spitefully.

"I trust you've brought me back my lady, MacPhail," she said: then added, thawing into something like jocularly, "I shouldn't have looked to you to go running away with her."

"I left my lady at Lady Clementina Thornicroft's an hour ago," answered Malcolm.

"Oh, of course! Lady Clem's everything now."

"I believe my lady's not coming home till to-morrow," said Malcolm.

"All the better for us," returned Caley. "Her room ain't ready for her. But I didn't know you lodged with Mrs. Merton, MacPhail," she said, with a look at the luggage he had placed on the floor.

"Lawks, miss!" cried the good woman,

"where ever should we put him up as has but the next room?"

"You'll have to find that out, mother," said Merton. "Sure you've got enough to shake down for him. With a truss of straw to help, you'll manage it somehow — eh, old lady? — I'll be bound!" And with that he told Malcolm's condition.

"Well, I suppose we must manage it somehow," answered his wife, "but I'm afraid we can't make him over-comfortable."

"I don't see but we *could* take him in at the house," said Caley, reflectively. "There is a small room empty in the garret, I know. It ain't much more than a closet, to be sure, but if he could put up with it for a night or two, just till he found a better, I would run across and see what they say."

Malcolm wondered at the change in her, but could not hesitate. The least chance of getting settled in the house was a thing not to be thrown away. He thanked her heartily. She rose and went, and they sat and talked till her return. She had been delayed, she said, by the house-keeper: "the cross old patch" had objected to taking in any one from the stables.

"I'm sure," she went on, "there ain't the ghost of a reason why you shouldn't have the room, except that it ain't good enough. Nobody else wants it or is likely to. But it's all right now, and if you'll come across in about an hour, you'll find it ready for you. One of the girls in the kitchen — I forget her name — offered to make it tidy for you. Only take care — I give you warning: she's a great admirer of Mr. MacPhail."

Therewith she took her departure, and at the appointed time Malcolm followed her. The door was opened to him by one of the maids whom he knew by sight, and in her guidance he soon found himself in that part of a house he liked best, immediately under the roof. The room was indeed little more than a closet in the slope of the roof, with only a skylight. But just outside the door was a storm-window, from which, over the top of a lower range of houses, he had a glimpse of the mews-yard. The place smelt rather badly of mice, while, as the skylight was immediately above his bed, and he had no fancy for drenching that with an infusion of soot, he could not open it. These, however, were the sole faults he had to find with the place. Everything looked nice and clean, and his education had not tended to fastidiousness. He took a book

from his bag and read a good while: then went to bed and fell fast asleep.

In the morning he woke early, as was his habit, sprung at once on the floor, dressed, and went quietly down. The household was yet motionless. He had begun to descend the last stair when all at once he turned deadly sick, and had to sit down, grasping the balusters. In a few minutes he recovered, and made the best speed he could to the stable, where Kelpie was now beginning to demand her breakfast.

But Malcolm had never in his life before felt sick, and it seemed awful to him. Something that had appeared his own, a portion — hardly a portion, rather an essential element of himself — had suddenly deserted him, left him a prey to the inroad of something that was not of himself, bringing with it faintness of heart, fear and dismay. He found himself for the first time in his life trembling; and it was to him a thing as appalling as strange. While he sat on the stair he could not think, but as he walked to the mews, he said to himself, "Am I then the slave of something that is not myself — something to which my fancied freedom and strength are a mockery? Was my courage, my peace, all the time dependent on something not me, which could be separated from me, and but a moment ago was separated from me and left me as helplessly dismayed as the veriest coward in creation? I wonder what Alexander would have thought if, as he swung himself on Bucephalus, he had been taken as I was on the stair?"

Afterward, talking the thing over with Mr. Graham, he said, "I saw that I had no hand in my own courage. If I had any courage, it was simply that I was born with it. If it left me, I could not help it: I could neither prevent nor recall it — I could only wait until it returned. Why, then, I asked myself, should I feel ashamed that for five minutes, as I sat on the stair, Kelpie was a terror to me, and I felt as if I dared not go near her? I had almost reached the stable before I saw into it a little. Then I did see that if I had had nothing to do with my own courage, it was quite time I had something to do with it. If a man had no hand in his own nature, character, being, what could he be better than a divine puppet — a happy creature, possibly — a heavenly animal, like the grand horses and lions of the book of the Revelation — but not one of the gods that the sons of God, the partakers of the di-

vine nature, are? For this end came the breach in my natural courage, that I might repair it from the will and power God had given me, that I might have a hand in the making of my own courage, in the creating of myself. Therefore I must see to it."

Nor had he to wait for his next lesson — namely, the opportunity of doing what he had been taught in the first. For just as he reached the stable, where he heard Kelpie clamoring with hoofs and teeth after her usual manner when she judged herself neglected, the sickness returned, and with it such a fear of the animal he heard thundering and clashing on the other side of the door as amounted to nothing less than horror. She was a man-eating horse! — a creature with bloody teeth, brain-spattered hoofs and eyes of hate! A flesh-loving devil had possessed her, and was now crying out for her groom that he might devour him. He gathered, with agonized effort, every power within him to an awful council, and thus he said to himself: "Better a thousand times my brains plastered the stable-wall than I should hold them in the head of a dastard. How can God look at me with any content if I quail in the face of his four-footed creature? Does he not demand of me action according to what I *know*, not what I may chance at any moment to *feel*? God is my strength, and I will lay hold of that strength and use it, or I have none, and Kelpie may take me and welcome."

Therewith the sickness abated so far that he was able to open the stable-door; and, having brought them once into the presence of their terror, his will arose and lorded it over his shrinking, quivering nerves, and like slaves they obeyed him. Surely the Father of his spirit was most in that will when most that will was Malcolm's own! It is when a man is most a man, that the cause of the man, the God of his life, the very life himself, the original life-creating life, is closest to him, is most within him. The individual, that his individuality may blossom, and not soon be "massed into the common clay," must have the vital indwelling of the primary individuality which is its origin. The fire that is the hidden life of the bush will not consume it.

Malcolm tottered to the corn-bin, staggered up to Kelpie, fell up against her hind-quarters as they dropped from a great kick, but got into the stall beside her. She turned eagerly, darted at her food, swallowed it greedily, and was quiet as a lamb while he dressed her.

From The Nineteenth Century.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF AUTHORITY IN MATTERS OF OPINION.\*

MANY are the tricks of speech; and it has become almost a commonplace of our time to set up, in matters of opinion, an opposition between authority and truth, and to treat them as excluding one another. It would be about as reasonable to set up an opposition between butcher's meat and food. Commonplaces of this character are no better than expressions of a sentiment, which the understanding, betraying its trust, allows to pass unexamined because it flatters the prevailing fashion. For the fashion is to call in question, and to reject as needlessly irksome, all such rules of mental discipline as, within the sphere of opinion, require from us a circumspect consideration, according to the subject-matter, of the several kinds as well as degrees of evidence. These rules are troublesome rules; they sadly detract from the ease and slacken the rapidity of the journey towards our conclusions, and thus postpone the enjoyment of mental rest.

Sir Gilbert Lewis has done good service, which I hope rather than expect will be appreciated, in republishing the valuable work by his elder brother, Sir George, "On the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion." It is perhaps the best monument of that learned, modest, most dispassionate, and most able man. The volume had become extremely rare, and could only be obtained at a high price. Yet though the admirers were in earnest, the circle of them was very narrow. Only a few, a very few, hundred copies ever passed into the hands of the public. It appeared in 1849, at a time when comparative calm prevailed in the world of philosophy and speculation. The remarkable sobriety of the author, his abhorrence of paradox, his indifference to ornament, his rigidly conscientious handling, made it difficult for him to please the palate of the public, which even then required, as it now greatly more requires, highly seasoned food. Still, this unpretending book, it seems, could not die. Its republication may probably make the work known to a new set of readers; and, as the students of such a book are ordinarily men who severally act upon the minds of others, it may, and I hope will, attain to an influence relatively wide. It must be owned that

the volume contains a considerable amount of matter which would be more appropriately placed in a treatise on the science of politics. But the main argument is so important, that I am desirous to present a summary which may convey a fair conception of its contents, and invite to a direct examination. Nor will this be done in the spirit of a partisan; for I shall try to extend the conclusion of this weighty writer on a point of the utmost weight, affecting not the frame of his argument, but its application.

I begin, too, with stating a difference, though one of small moment. Sir George Lewis traces the origin of the word authority through the Latin *auctor*; and the account he gives is that "an *auctor* meant the creator or originator of anything. . . . Hence any person who determines our belief is called an *auctor*. . . . As writers, particularly of history, were the authorities for facts, *auctor* came to mean a writer."\* But the word *augeo* properly means to increase, to make to grow, not to create; † and, while it is plain that *auctor* means on the one hand maker or originator, and on the other hand voucher, surety, witness, I cannot but think that the last-named is the original sense, and the preceding one secondary. The proper idea is that of one who *adds*. In strictness, this must be adding to what existed before, as a witness adds to the thing his testimony about the thing; a surety, his own liability to the liability of the principal. From this original form the meaning passes on to a gradual creation, the creation of something that receives successive increment, as in "*auctor frugum*;" ‡ "*generis nec Dardanus auctor*." § If my view be sound, the use of the word author for writer is strictly correct, and belongs to the original sense. An "author" comes between us and the facts or ideas, and adds to them a *placet*, or ground of belief, in his own assurance to us respecting them. And Dante is dealing with the word in its first intention when he says, addressing Virgil,

Tu se' il mio maestro, e l' mio autore. ||

So he himself explains it in the "*Convito*" as "*degno di fede e di ubbidienza*;" "*des Gehorsams und Glaubens würdig*," in the

\* P. 6, note, edit. 1849.

† Scheller cites Lucr. v. 323 and 389, as bearing the sense of creation, but they in no degree require it; and I think this interpretation of the word *auctor* has been, so to speak, reflected upon it from the known use of the derivative *authority*.

‡ Georg. i. 27.

§ Æn. iv. 365.

|| Inferno, i. 83.

\* *An Essay on the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion.* By George Cornwall Lewis, Esq. London, 1849; 2nd edit. 1875.

note of the king of Saxony to his translation of the poem; but the secondary sense is that in Milton, —

Thou art my father, thou my author, thou.\*

And hence perhaps we obtain the largest and clearest idea of "authority," as that which comes between us and an object, and in relation to us adds something to the object which is extrinsic to it, which is apart from any examination of it by ourselves, but which forms a motive, of greater or less weight as the case may be, for belief or action respectively in their several spheres.

It is with authority for belief or opinion alone, not distinguishing the two, that the work before us deals. It leaves aside authority applicable to action, whether freely or otherwise, as that of the law, of the parent, of the military officer, physician, clergyman, or other professional or specially instructed person. I shall presently take a portion of these topics into view.

Now, it would sound strangely in our ears were any one of the most distinguished leaders in commonplace, instead of proclaiming, "not authority, but truth," to take for his text, "not examination, not inquiry, but truth." We should at once reply that examination or inquiry was no more in conflict with truth than our road to London is in conflict with London. The cases are parallel. Inquiry is a road to truth, and authority is a road to truth. Identical in aim, diverse in means and in effect, but both resting on the same basis. Inquiry is the more normal, the more excellent way; but penury of time and faculty absolutely precludes the human being from obtaining, by this truly royal road, a sufficient stock of knowledge for the necessary action of life; and authority is the humble but useful substitute. Nor is the distinction between them in any sense one of antagonism; on the contrary, there is, besides the oneness of their ultimate sanction, this notable affinity betwixt them: the knowledge, referable to action, which we obtain by inquiry, is altogether or commonly probable knowledge; and authority is probable knowledge too. Of course both the authority and the inquiry must be regulated by the laws that belong to their respective kinds. The rule for us, in whatever case, is one: to make the best practicable use of the best available means for thinking truly and acting rightly, using inquiry where we can, accepting authority where we cannot effectually use inquiry.

Having taken this general view of the

region before us, I will now follow the guidance of Sir George Lewis, premising that he seems to aim at working definitions rather than such as are strictly scientific.

His inquiry has no reference to matters of fact; and these he defines as "anything of which we obtain a conviction from our internal consciousness, or any individual event or phenomenon which is the object of sensation."

Disputed questions of fact pass into the region of matters of opinion. And, more largely, matters of opinion are "general propositions or theorems relating to laws of nature or mind, principles and rules of human conduct, future probabilities, deductions from hypotheses, and the like, *about which a doubt may reasonably exist.*"

Opinions may be entertained from compulsion, or from inducement of interest. These, I should say, may conveniently be called authority improper; but they rest upon authority proper, when embraced without reasoning because others, believed or assumed to be competent, entertain them.

"A large proportion of the general opinions of mankind are derived merely from authority." And the advice of competent judges has great influence in questions of practice. When truths have been discovered by original inquirers, and received by competent judges, it is principally by authority that they are accredited and diffused. Such adoption cannot lead to an improvement of knowledge, or to the discovery of new truths: "the utmost he can hope is to adopt the belief of those who, at the time, are least likely to be in error." We are, of course, to assume this proposition to apply to the cases where it is necessary or harmless to have some belief, and where there are not such patent grounds for doubt or question as to recommend that valuable though sometimes despised expedient, suspense of judgment.

In his second chapter, Sir George Lewis shows the great extent of the opinions founded upon authority. These are such as we derive from instruction in childhood, or from seniors, or from fashion. He shows the extremely limited power of inquiry by the working-class; and how even the well-informed rely chiefly on compendia and secondary authorities. He shows how, in strict truth, when we act upon conclusions of our own, for which the original reasons are no longer present to our minds, we become *authorities* to ourselves; and the direct action of reason is as much ousted, as if we were acting

\* Paradise Lost, ii. 864.



on some authority extrinsic to us. Then there is the deference shown in the region of practice to professional or specially instructed persons; or to friends having experience, which enables a man to discern grounds of belief invisible to the unpractised eye. In these matters we take into view the amount of attention given, the ability of the person, his responsibility, and his impartiality. In his third chapter, our author delivers, as he passes on, a remarkable *dictum* :—

"That high degree of intellectual power which we call genius, and which the ancients attributed to the inspiration of the gods, is in itself inexplicable, and can only be judged by its effects. But some ray of that light is requisite in order to enable a person to be classed among the original teachers and guides of mankind."

Nor can I refuse the satisfaction of making another citation :—

"The moral sentiments may be so ill directed as to deprave the judgment, even when the understanding is remarkably strong. Men of this sort may be *great*, but cannot be *wise*; for by wisdom we mean the power of judging when the intellectual and moral faculties are *both* in a sound state. Napoleon affords a striking instance of the corruption of the judgment in consequence of the misdirection of the moral sentiments."

The authority of the old philosophers as to ethical science was much weakened by their dissensions; while "astronomy furnishes an example of a science as to which there has been a general agreement of its professors for more than a century." Mesmerism, homœopathy, and phrenology are rather contemptuously dismissed as "mock sciences." But the general description of pretenders is admirable :—

"Nothing is more characteristic of the pretender to philosophy than his readiness to explain, without examination or reflection, all phenomena which may be presented to him. Doubt, hesitation, suspense of the judgment, inquiry before decision, balancing of apparently opposite facts, followed, perhaps, by a qualified and provisional opinion—all these are processes utterly foreign to his mind, and indicative, in his view, of nothing but weakness and ignorance."

Medicine has always been the favorite field of pretenders; and medical science (for he does not withhold the name) forms an important exception to the rule that "the physical are better ascertained than the moral sciences."

Lewis also inquires what countries, as  
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well as what persons or classes. are to be allowed to weigh in the matter of authority; and finds, that we may justly confine the field of discussion to "the civilized nations of Europe," with the Greeks at their head, and the Romans as their pupils following them.

"They made the first great step from barbarism to scientific knowledge; which, perhaps, is more difficult, and more important, than any further advance which they left to be made by their successors."

He excludes not only barbarians, but Chinese, Hindoos, Persians, and Turks, on the ground of their want of progress "in political institutions and scientific knowledge," from the suffrage, so to speak, or the title to count in that consent which makes up authority.

In the light of these remarks, we may approach his general statement :—

"In general, it may be said that the authority of the professors of any science is trustworthy in proportion as the points of agreement among them are numerous and important, and the points of difference few and unimportant."

"The opposition which is sometimes made between authority and reason rests on a confusion of thought."

And this confusion is favored partly by the fact that the mind, after the choice of its guide, becomes passive, partly by the use of the word authority, in certain cases, for coercive power. But—

"The choice of a guide is as much a matter of free determination as the adoption of an opinion on argumentative grounds." He illustrates the position by reference to the case of a Roman Catholic. The illustration becomes most forcible when, among Roman Catholics of various colors, we choose the school which has now gained, whether finally or provisionally, the upper hand in the Latin Church. The determination to accept as the final rule of belief all declarations by the pope, which the pope himself may define to be *ex cathedra*, is as much an act of "private individual judgment" as if the determination were to follow Luther, or Wesley, or Swedenborg. I venture upon adding that, if this decision be taken lightly and without observance of the general rules which reasonably guide mankind in the search for truth, it may even be an use of private judgment in the highest degree licentious. The servant in the parable who wrapped his talent in a napkin, and thus (as it were) gave it away from his own use, exercised his private judgment just as much as the fellow-servant

who employed it constantly and steadily, and obtained large increase from it. He used his private judgment as much; only he used it in a wrong direction—just as if a free citizen of this country were to repair to a country where slavery prevails, and there to sell himself into bondage.

The fourth chapter treats of "The Applicability of the Principle of Authority to Questions of Religion." And it begins with a brief description, which seems to belong to the general subject, and therefore to all of the earlier chapters. In it he shows how the authority of which he treats is not that of individuals only. Traditional systems grow up in a course of generations, and by collection, purgation, adjustment, and enlargement or advance, acquire those kinds and degrees of adhesion according to which "a trustworthy authority may at length be formed, to which a person uninformed on the subject may reasonably defer." He proceeds:—

"This description, however, is not applicable to religion, or at least is only applicable to it within certain limits."

Now, thus far I have sat at the feet of Gamaliel: I must, however, canvass the limits within which the principle of authority is legitimately applicable to the choice of a religion.

The "at least" of the sentence I have quoted spans a gulf of a breadth immeasurable. The assertion without "at least" is that the doctrine of authority has no application to religion. But, with the pacifying intervention of this useful mediator, the proposition only asserts that the application of it is limited and conditional. To this assertion there may be objectors; but surely no other than such as embrace, in all its extravagance, as a rule of belief and action for the human being, the rule that he is to be *prout cadaver, vel baculus in manu ambulantis*. Short of this, there would not be on the believing or affirmative side of the gulf a single opponent. Vaticanism, for example, might point out that there are many papal utterances beyond the line of the obligatory definition, many pious opinions broadly distinguished from articles of faith, many propositions belonging to the subject-matter of religion which may be freely affirmed or denied without peril. Such would be its theory; and even in its practice it does not and cannot wholly shut out the immediate action of the mind on the object, or the impressions or conclusions which may follow from the theory, and which are things distinct from it.

It is, however, clear upon the whole, that the "at least" in the foregoing proposition really sets aside the unqualified form which immediately precedes it, and that the candor of the author's mind led him to conclude that the principle of authority was truly applicable to the subject of religion, "within certain limits."

What those limits are, he presently proceeds to explain.

He conceives, in the first place, that "all nations have agreed in the substantial recognition of a divine power, superhuman and imperceptible by our senses." Nearly all human opinion, and all the human opinion entitled to weight, has concurred in this affirmation.

Secondly, he conceives that the whole civilized or authoritative world has also agreed in the acceptance of Christianity.

"Christendom includes the entire civilized world; that is to say all nations whose agreement on a matter of opinion has any real weight or authority."

This, however, he limits to the acceptance of "some form of the Christian religion." He proceeds to show that the nations are not agreed in the acceptance of a particular Church; that the rule of Vicentius, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, is incapable of a strictly literal application; and generally "there is no consent of competent judges over the civilized world. Inconsistent and opposite forms of Christianity continue to exist side by side."

He has still, however, another very important concession to make to particular Churches. The authority of the Church of England (and, if we understand him right, of every Church) is limited to its own members. So limited, he thinks Hooker is right in considering it to be "more competent, in a corporate capacity, to decide doubtful questions than any of its individual members."

The candor, acumen, breadth, and attainments of Lewis give a great weight to the convictions he has thus expressed. They may be summed up in few words as follows:—

1. The consent of mankind binds us in reason to acknowledge the being of God.
2. The consent of civilized mankind similarly binds us to the acceptance of Christianity.
3. The details of Christianity are contested; but in doubtful questions the Church, and, *e.g.*, the Church of England at large, with respect to its own members, is more competent than they are individu-

ally; and the business and duty of a reasonable man, so far as in these matters he is bound to have an opinion, is to follow the best opinion.

At the same time I do not suppose that our author would have placed the obligation implied by the third proposition on a level, in point of stringency, with that of the two former. He would, I presume, have said (in technical language), a readiness of the individual to submit himself was in this case of imperfect, but in those of perfect obligation.

Nor, we are safe in supposing, would he have held it a duty to know all that had been considered and determined by a Church, or to refrain from any testing inquiries, but only to have practical dealings with what offered itself to the mind in the course of providence and of duty, and to conduct inquiry according to the true laws of reason.

I am inclined to think that Hooker has placed the doctrine of submission in matter of opinion to a local or special Church higher than, if he had had the experience of the last three centuries to assist him, he would have thought safe; and that Lewis, who had not a particle of egoism or self-assertion to sharpen unduly his critical faculty, may in this remarkable instance have been to a limited extent amiably misled by deference to a great writer. On the other hand, I shall endeavor to show ground for supposing that, on the premises which sustain the first two propositions, we ought to widen the conclusions at which Lewis has arrived; and this not so much upon ecclesiastical principles, in obedience to the authority of a particular Church, or of the Church at large, *quâ* Church, as upon philosophical principles, in deference to that general sense of mankind, which in such matters is entitled to claim authority. I take my departure, however, from the standing-ground of the two propositions, and do not go behind them, or argue with such as contend, in opposition to Lewis, that there is no just authority of consent in existence with respect either to the existence of God, or the acceptance of the Christian religion.

In the first place, belief in God surely implies much more than that he is superhuman and imperceptible. It seems to involve, as a general rule, the following particulars, which Lewis has not specified, but may by no means have intended to exclude.

1. That he is conceived of as possessing in himself all attributes whatsoever which

conduce to excellence, and these in a degree infinitely beyond the power of the human mind to measure.

2. Over and above what he is in himself, he is conceived of as standing in certain relations to us; as carrying on a moral government of the world. He is held to prescribe and favor what is right; to forbid and regard with displeasure what is wrong; and to dispose the course of events in such a way that, in general and upon the whole, there is a tendency of virtue to bring satisfaction and happiness, and of vice to entail the reverse of these, even when appearances, and external advantages, might not convey such an indication.

3. The same wide consent of mankind, which sustains belief in a God, and invests him with a certain character, has everywhere perceptibly, though variably and sometimes with a great vagueness of outline, carried the sphere of the moral government which it assigns to him beyond the limits of the visible world. In that larger region, though it lie beyond the scope of our present narrow view, the belief of theistic mankind has been, that the laws of this moral government would be more clearly developed, and the normal relation between good and evil, and between their respective consequences, fully established.

4. Along, therefore, with belief in a God we have to register the acknowledgment of another truth, the doctrine of a future state of man, which has had a not less ample acceptance in all the quarters from whence the elements of authority can be drawn; and has, indeed, in the darkest periods and places of religion, been found difficult to eradicate, even when the Divine Idea had been so broken up and degraded, as to seem divested of all its most splendid attributes.

In the second place, I come to the proposition of Sir George Lewis, that the acceptance of Christianity is required of us by a scientific application of the principle of authority, but without any reference to this or that particular form, or tenet, of the religion.

But as we found, in the prior instance of simple theism, that the authority of consent would carry us much beyond the acknowledgment of a disembodied abstraction, so, upon examining the case of Christianity, we shall find that what has been handed down to us under that name as part of the common knowledge and common patrimony of men is not a bare skeleton, but is instinct with vital warmth from a centre, and has the character, not-

withstanding all the dissensions that prevail, of a living and working system not without the most essential features of an unity.

This I shall endeavor to show as to the following points:—

1. The doctrine of Revelation.
2. The use of Sacraments.
3. The Christian Ethics.
4. The Creed.
5. The doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation.

1. Regarded historically, believers in Christ, casting anchor, so to speak, in an older dispensation, have uniformly acknowledged that God had "at sundry times and in divers manners" \* made himself known to the rational mind of man by a special communication or inspiration, over and above that knowledge of himself which he had imparted by the books of nature and of life or experience. And this finally in the gospel. They therefore have held themselves to be in possession of a special treasure of divine knowledge, communicated in a manner which carried with it a peculiar certainty; and such a belief, called the belief in *inspiration*, and pervading the whole of Christendom from the very first, is of itself a material amplification of the idea conveyed by the mere name of Christianity.

2. Next, there is a similar universality of Christian testimony in favor of the use of certain rites called sacraments, as essentially belonging to, and marking out to view, the Christian scheme. I have nothing here to do with the question whether the Christian sacraments are two or seven, or any other number in particular, or whether, as was suggested by Bishop Pecoek in conformity with St. Augustine and others, the word be in itself susceptible of even a wider application. Nor again with the various bodies of separatists who at different times have rejected infant baptism. The fact that, rejecting the catholic and immemorial practice of baptism in infancy, they should still have retained the rite, renders them even stronger witnesses in its favor than they would have been if they had agreed as to the proper season of administration. Again, it is to be observed that the sacraments have not been held as bare signs. Even the Scotch early Reformers, who may be said to represent a kind of *ultima thule* in the opinions of the day, did "utterly damn" those who thus held. They have been deemed, according to the

Anglican definition, to be "outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace." When the exact relation of the sign to the thing signified comes to be considered, then indeed no inconsiderable body of differences comes into view, and the argument of consent can hardly be pressed within the definitions of our author. But up to that point it is strictly applicable. The very limited exception of a society founded among the English more than sixteen hundred years after Christ, scarcely embracing a thousandth part even of that race, and unable to quote by way of precedent \* more than a handful of dubious individual cases in all history, cannot, however respectable on social grounds, constitute an appreciable deduction from the weight of the Christian testimony. It could hardly be taken into account if it had, which it has not, at any time developed into a theology that basis of sentiment on which it mainly reposes.

3. Thirdly, the entire breadth of the Christian consent sustains a system of morality which is no less distinctive of the gospel than is its doctrine.

Lewis has nowhere applied to morality the limitations to which he considered that religion must submit before it could take the benefit of the scientific principle of authority. He appears to hold that morality enjoys authority in a manner substantially the same as other established knowledge. It is plain that the authority of consent tells in its behalf more widely than in behalf of Christianity. Not, however, as to any complete code, for here too we have to contend with something of the same difficulty, arising from diversity about particulars, as in the case of Christian doctrine; but as to this great and broad proposition, that there exists a law of duty, what Sophocles called a *ὑπέρβουλον νόμον*, binding man and man. We find abundant evidence of this in a multitude of quarters beyond the precinct of divine revelation; in the various systems of religion, especially as they are projected by their founders, for example in that of Mahomet; in the provisions of public law, in the works of many philosophers, in primitive manners as they are developed by the monuments of Egypt, or, much more fully and less conventionally, by the poems of Homer. All these were with great variation, both as to the behavior enjoined, and as to the persons towards whom such behavior was binding. But

\* Heb. i. 1.

\* Barclay's "Apology," Prop. xii., Objection 6.



the Christian morality, gathering together the scattered fragments, and building them into a great temple of duty, was a new thing as a whole, though in respect to its basis, and to the acknowledgment and even the practice of its parts disjointedly, it was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and pre-Christian testimony. The culmination and perfection of the Christian morality was found in that high and severe doctrine of marriage, against which, we may confidently anticipate, and almost venture to predict, that the anti-Christian spirit will direct its first great attack, encouraged by these preliminary operations in the legislative recognition of divorce which have already, from a variety of ill-omened causes, found a place upon our own, as well as upon other statute-books.

Some have been bold enough to say that the wide recognition, at the present day, of ethical doctrines in practical forms is due not to Christianity, but to the progress of civilization. In answer to them, I will only halt for a moment, to ask the question how it came that the Greek and, in its turn, the Roman civilization, each advancing to so great a height, did not similarly elevate the moral standards. And I shall by anticipation put in a *caveat* against any attempt to reply merely by exhibiting here and there an unit picked out of the philosophic schools, or the ideal pictures which may be found in the writings of a tragedian; pictures which have no more to do with the practical life of contemporary Greece, than have the representations of the Virgin and the Child, so much admired in our galleries, with the lives and characters of those who look on them, or in most instances of those who have painted them. A comparison between Epictetus and Paley, or between Aristotle and Escobar, would be curious, but would not touch the point. I do not inquire how low some Christian may have descended, or how high some heathen may have risen, in theory, any more than in practice. When I speak of the morality of a religion, I mean the principles and practices for which it has obtained the assent of the mind and heart of man; which it has incorporated into the acknowledged and standing code of its professors; which it has exhibited in the traditional practices, sometimes of the generality, sometimes only of the best. But this is a large subject, and lies apart. My present argument is only with those who, like Sir George Lewis, hold that Christianity lies within the true scope of the principle of

authority, but do not develop the phrase Christianity into its specific meanings.

To such it may be fairly put that under this name of Christianity we are to understand something that has some sort of claims and sanctions peculiarly its own; for it is not religion only, but Christian religion, which comes to us accredited by legitimate authority. Now I hope to obtain a general assent when I contend that Christianity can have no exclusive or preferential claim upon us, unless that, which distinguishes it as a religion, has some proportionate representation in the sphere of morality. In its ultimate, general, and permanent effects upon morality, largely understood, the test of the value of a religion is to be found; and if mankind, in its most enlightened portions, has lent the weight of its authority to Christianity, we must needs understand the word to carry and include some moral elements due and peculiar to the religious system.

And it is not difficult to sketch in outline some at least of the features which give speciality to Christian morals, without disturbing their relation to the general, and especially the best non-Christian morality of mankind. First, and foremost, they are founded on the character and pattern of a person, even more if possible, than on his words. In him they recognize the standard of consummate and divine perfection. Secondly, they draw all forms of duty to God, to men, and to ourselves, from one and the same source. Thirdly, they are to be practised towards all men alike, independently of station or race, or even life or creed. Fourthly, they are meant and fitted for all men equally to hold; and their most profound vitality, if not their largest and most varied development, is within the reach of the lowly and uninstructed, in whose minds and hearts it has, for the most part, fewer and less formidable barriers to surmount, or "strongholds," in the apostle's language, to cast down. Fifthly, the Christian law has placed the relation of man and woman, as such, in the great institution of marriage, and the provision for the continuance through the family of the species, upon such a footing as is nowhere else to be found. I do not say that this is not a restitution of a primitive law; but, if so, it was one the strain of which was found too great for those to whom it was given to bear. This law, with all its restraints of kin, of unity, and of perpetuity, is perhaps the subtlest as well as the most powerful of all the social instruments which the

Almighty has put into use for the education of the race; and it is one, I am firmly persuaded, which no self-acting force, no considerations of policy, will ever be able to uphold in modern societies, when it shall have been severed from its authoritative source.

I will not dwell in detail on the mode in which the gospel treats the law of love, the law of purity, or that which is perhaps most peculiar to it, the law of pain; but will be content with saying, sixthly and lastly, that Christian morals, as a whole — as an entire system covering the whole life, nature, and experience of man — stand broadly distinguished by their rich, complete, and searching character from other forms of moral teaching now extant in the world. The limitation implied in these last words has been introduced simply because it would be inconvenient on this occasion to examine whether, and in what respects, the Christian morals exhibit a reproduction of a primitive law once in force among the whole or a portion of mankind.

It seems, then, that if the argument of authority, or consent, be available on behalf of Christianity, we cannot do otherwise than include in the scheme thus recommended a peculiar body of moral teaching, together with the notions of an inspired origin, and of certain outward or sacramental rites, universal, perpetual, and inseparable from the system to which they are attached.

4 I now proceed a step further; and contend that this Christianity must in reason be understood to include a doctrinal, as well as a moral and a symbolical, system. I am not so desirous to fix the exact particulars of that doctrinal system, as to show that, when we speak of Christianity as having received the favorable verdict of the portion of mankind alone or best qualified to judge in such a matter, we do not mean the mere acknowledgment of a name, but we mean, along with other things, the acceptance of a body of truths which have for their centre the person and work of Christ. This body of truths has its foremost expression in the creed known as that of the apostles, and in a document of greater precision and development and of equal and more formal authority — the creed of Constantinople, commonly called the Nicene Creed. If the authority of civilized and intellectual man be available on behalf of something that we agree to call Christianity, my contention is that it is likewise available for these two great historic documents. We cannot reasonably

make any sensible deduction from the weight of the propounding authority when, in the formula of consent, for the word Christianity we substitute the creed of the apostles, together with the Nicene Creed.

The human mind (I have said) is accustomed to play tricks with itself in every form; and one of the forms, in which it most frequently resorts to this operation, is when it attenuates the labor of thought, and evades the responsibility of definite decision, by the adoption of a general word that we purposely keep undefined to our own consciousness. So men admire the British Constitution without knowing or inquiring what it is, and profess Christianity but decline to say or think what it means. In such cases the general word, instead of indicating, like the title of an author's works, a multitude of particulars, becomes a blind, which, on the one hand, excludes knowledge, and, on the other, leaves us imbued with the notion that we possess it.

And my contention is that, whatever be the momentary fashion of the day in which we live, that same tradition and testimony of the ages, which commends Christianity to us, has not been a chimera or a chameleon, but has had from the first, up to a certain point of development, one substantially definite meaning for the word, a meaning of mental as well as moral significance; and has, as a matter of history, expressed this meaning in the creeds. This Christianity has shed off from it, on this side and on that, after debate and scrutiny, and furthermore after doubt and even sometimes convulsion, all the conceptions irreconcilably hostile to its own essence, by a standing provision as normal as are the reparatory processes of material nature; and has been handed on continuously in uniformity of life, though not, it may be, in uniformity of health. So that reason requires us, when we speak of Christianity, to expound the phrase agreeably to history, if we mean to claim on its behalf the authority of civilized man, since it is to the expounded phrase, and not the bare shell, that that authority attaches. It is in this sense what the visible Church also claims to be, a city set on a hill; not, indeed, a city within walls that can neither grow nor dwindle, but yet a city widely spread, with a fixed heart and centre, if with a fluctuating outline; a mass alike unchangeable, perceptible, and also determinate, not absolutely or mathematically, but in a degree sufficient for its providential purpose in the education of

mankind. Of this mass, compounded of tenets, moral laws, and institutions, the core, so far as tenets are concerned, is exhibited in the creeds.

If I have not named the Athanasian Creed as standing in the same category, it is not because its direct doctrinal statements have received an inferior acceptance from the students of Christian theology, but because it has not been, in at all the same sense, an instrument either of Christian profession or of Christian instruction. If I do not dwell upon the difference between the East and the West in respect to what is called the double procession, it is because both parties are agreed that the variance of form does not oblige us to assert a difference of meaning. If I do not lay stress on those dogmatic distinctions among Christian communities of the East, which cause some of them to be placed in the class of heretical bodies, it is because, so far as I can understand, those differences seem to rest in the region of verbal expression, much more than to take effect in the practical conceptions of religion. If I pass lightly by the fact that large bodies of Protestants do not formally recognize the creeds as documents, it is because I apprehend their objection not to lie against the contents, but only against the recognition, so that they continue available as witnesses to the substance which the documents enshrine. If I do not attach importance to the want of absolute coherency between the terminology of some of the early fathers and the final expression of doctrine adopted by the councils and sealed by the permanent assent of the Catholic Church, it is because I conceive such fathers to have spoken without scientific precision in matters where human rashness and conceit had not yet created a necessity for scientific discussion and decision, and for the selection, and an authoritative sealing and stamping, of such phrases as seemed, upon the whole, the best and safest to indicate, rather than express, unfathomable verities; on which our hands indeed (so to speak) may lay effectual hold, but which our arms are totally unable to embrace. If I do not expatiate upon the undoubted truth that the recitals of the creeds themselves are so largely those of fact rather than pure dogma, it is because the circumstance is no more than a normal result of a religious system founded upon a living person, rather than an abstract conception.

5. It was profoundly observed by Möhler, in his "*Symbolik*," that the controver-

sies of the sixteenth century had been controversies concerning the human, not the divine, side of Christianity. Our forefathers, in the earlier ages of the Church, had fought and won for us the battles in which the question lay between safe and unsafe, adequate and inadequate, conceptions of the divine object of worship. They sowed, and we reap; they suffered, and we enjoy. But the primitive creeds, which have now, not less than heretofore, their great office to fulfil, naturally belong to that supreme province, that theology proper, upon which, among the great body of Christians, neither the din of debate, nor the pain of doubt, is now or has for many ages been sensible. New ranges of controversy have been opened, lying in lower though still elevated regions. They have turned on the condition of man apart from the gospel, the mode of his approach to God, the reflection of his new state in his consciousness, his relation to the Church, his relation to the saints, his existence after death. To the common view, it is rather the points which at any given time are most contested, than those which lie deepest in the system, that are tenaciously held, and, because tenaciously held, are placed in the first rank of dignity. This is a dislocation of the natural order of appreciation, but it is in great part due to the fact that the propositions of the creeds are taken for granted among us. For the modern mind, we may use a translation of language. We will now say no more of the creeds; but urge that that authority of general consent, which presses upon us the claims of Christianity, means by the phrase a system founded on the doctrines of the Holy Trinity and the incarnation of our Lord. All notions opposed to those doctrines were, in early times, successively put upon their trial, and decisively, though not always easily, ejected from the great idea of the Christian revelation. Since the time of the two Socini, a different conception of the Deity and of redemption, which has counted among its adherents men remarkable for ability and character, has just been able to maintain a fluctuating and generally rather feeble existence. Its note of dissonance has been so slightly audible in the great and solemn concert of the ancient belief, that, like the deviations of the first four centuries, it can make no appreciable breach in, or deduction from, the authority which vindicates for these great conceptions the central seat in the Christian system.

Here I break off. Desirous to renounce illusions, and to eschew the indulgence of

any private partiality, I should hesitate to ask for the inclusion of any more particular or complete conception of Christianity in that use of the phrase which, according to the reasoning of Lewis, is entitled to the same benefit from the principle of authority, as the established truths of other sciences. I should regret to strain the argument; and am content to say that the Christianity which claims our obedience is a Christianity inspired, sacramental, ethical, embodied in certain great historic documents, involving certain profoundly powerful and operative doctrinal conceptions. A great mass and momentum of authority may be pleaded for much that lies beyond the outline I have drawn. Nearly half the Christian world adopts the entire Roman system. Throwing in the Eastern Churches, nearly three-fourths of it agree in certain usages or tenets, such as the invocation of saints, and some kind, not uniform, of religious devotion towards images. This large proportion is yet further swelled by the accession of the Anglican family of Churches, in regard to the framework of the visible Church or polity of Christians, and to those other points in which they are thought by many to savor more of the unreformed scheme of Christianity than the reformed. But all these are matters on which a large section of the Christian world, amounting to perhaps a sixth of the whole, and composed of the many active bodies of evangelical Protestants, introduce so large an element of dissent, that although authority by no means quits the field, yet it calls in the aid of reasoning to decide the day, inasmuch as nothing short of the general consent approaching to universality, or, as it has been called, to moral unanimity, can dispose of the case without that aid.

The sphere of religion is wide and diversified; and authority, in this region, stands as a hierarchy, constituted in degrees and orders, with many subaltern shades of diversity. But it is broadly distinguished from a *stratarchy*, from the corps of officers of an army, where an absolute obedience is due from the private soldier, and from every successive grade to a superior, till the command be reversed from above; and there is not granted to the inferior even that bare initiative of redress, which is implied in a right of appeal.

The species of authority with which we have been dealing may be called, for convenience, the major authority. Of that minor authority, which may still constitute

a great element in rational discussion, and which admits great diversity of degree, we have a good instance in a remarkable passage, which was quoted by Dr. Newman in one of his controversial works on behalf of the English Church,\* from Bishop Van Mildert:—

If a candid investigation be made of the points generally agreed upon by the Church Universal, it will probably be found that at no period of its history has any fundamental or essential truth of the Gospel been authoritatively disowned. . . . As far as the Church Catholic can be deemed responsible, the substance of sound doctrine still remains undestroyed at least, if not unimpaired. Let us take, for instance, those articles of faith, which have already been shown to be essential to the Christian covenant: the doctrines of the Trinity, of our Lord's Divinity and Incarnation, of his Atonement and Intercession, of our Sanctification by the Holy Spirit, of the terms of acceptance, and the Ordinances of the Christian Sacraments and Priesthood. At what period of the Church have these doctrines, or either of them, been by any public act disowned or called in question?

Only the length of the passage checks my adding to my citation.

Although, then, authority loses its commanding position when the great volume of human consent is broken into leaves or sections, we are not to infer that it is reduced to zero. Admitting that, while the Christian world is wonderfully agreed on the central verities of faith, and still more widely on those of morals, its many fractions are severed in relation to matters of grave import, I would still contend that the authority of each of those fractions is not indeed final, but yet real and weighty for those who belong to it, and they ought not to depart, except upon serious and humble examination, as well as clear conviction, from the religion they have been brought up to profess, even though non-Christian; for it is the school of character and belief in which Providence has placed them. Even though non-Christian; and even while I follow Lewis in urging that the undivided authority of civilized and progressive man demands of us the acceptance of Christianity. For even the acceptance of such authority is a moral act, and cannot be performed without certain operations both of the mind and of the heart. Suppose that as a Hindoo or Mahometan, having studied history, I am moved by the argument of Lewis to embrace Christianity, I must still learn what

\* "Lectures on the Prophetic Office of the Church," p. 250, from Bishop Van Mildert's Bampton Lectures, viii.



it is that I accept, and the very assent to such an argument requires time and implies a mental process. Nothing is more rash, I had almost said more shocking, than levity or irreverence in the change of religion; and this levity, rashness, and irreverence may be exhibited even in the act of submission to authority when clothed in its most extravagant and exaggerated form.

Although I am persuaded that the substance of Lewis's work is unassailable, I am not insensible to the defects of its form. I have noticed already that a large portion of it seems to belong to a work on politics. It is oddly annexed to the main argument, for in politics authority is coercive; and nothing, perhaps, has more tended to confuse the public mind as to that authority which is both moral and graduated, than the fact that we are chiefly familiar with an authority which, as towards the individual, is both absolute and compulsory. Next to this authority of the State, we are accustomed to the idea of parental authority. In it the two great elements are mingled; but there is too great a tendency on the part of parents, and that not seldom found in conjunction with strong affection, to give prominence to the coercive aspect. Our author would have done us a further service, had he laid out with clearness, and even sharpness, the several kinds of authority; for the region which he traverses is occupied by a garrison of jealous and self-interested fallacies, always in arms against the intrusion of those sober truths which bring many a catastrophe upon our castles of conceit. I will endeavor in conclusion to present a succinct outline of the case.

Be it observed, then, that authority claims a legitimate place in the province of opinion, not as a bar to truth, but as a guarantee for it; not as an absolute guarantee, but only when it is as the best that may be had; not in preference to personal inquiry reaching up to the sources, but as the proper substitute in the multitude of instances where this is impracticable. Authority, rightly understood, has a substantial meaning: in that meaning, it is not at variance or in competition either with truth, or with private inquiry and private judgment. It is a crutch, rather than a leg; but the natural energy of the leg is limited, and, when the leg cannot work, the crutch may.

Further, the fact to which we ought to be alive, but for the most part are not, is that the whole human family, and the best and highest races of it, and the best and

highest minds of those races, are to a great extent upon crutches, the crutches which authority has lent them. Even in the days of Bacon, even in the days of Dante, when knowledge, as the word is commonly understood, was so limited that some elect minds of uncommon capacity and vigor could grasp the whole mass of it, they still depended largely upon authority. For that aggregate of knowledge, which they were able to grasp, was but book-knowledge, and not source-knowledge. It was to a great extent not knowledge of subjects, but of what specially qualified men had said upon subjects. As we now stand, no individual man holds or can hold that relation to universal knowledge, which was held by Dante, or by Bacon, or by Leibnitz. A few subjects, in most cases a very few indeed, are or can be known in themselves by direct and immediate study; a larger number by an immediate knowledge of what writers, or the most accredited writers, have said upon them; the largest number by far only from indirect accounts, or as it were rumors, of the results which writers and students have attained.

*Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.*

It seems, however, safe to say that the largest part even of civilized nations, in the greater proportion of the subjects that pass through the mind, or touch the course of common action, have not even this, but have only a vague unverified impression that the multitude, or the best, think so and so, and that they had better act and think accordingly. To some this may be an unwelcome announcement. The fact of their ignorance, and its burden, they have borne in patience; but it is less easy to bear equally the discovery how great that burden is.

Authority, in matters of opinion, divides itself (say) into three principal classes. There is the authority of witnesses. They testify to matters of fact: the judgment upon these is commonly though not always easy; but this testimony is always the substitution of the faculties of others for our own, which, taken largely, constitutes the essence of authority. This is the kind which we justly admit with the smallest jealousy. Yet not always: one man admits, another refuses, the authority of a sea-captain and a sailor or two on the existence of the sea-serpent.

Then there is the authority of judges. To such authority we have constantly to submit. And this too is done for the most part willingly; but unwillingly, when we have been told what we are about. These

judges sometimes supply us with opinions upon facts, sometimes with facts themselves. The results, in pure science, are accepted by us as facts; but on the methods by which they are reached, the mass, even of intelligent and cultivated men, are not competently informed. Judgments on difficult questions of finance are made into compulsory laws, in parliaments where only one man in a score, possibly no more than one in a hundred, thoroughly comprehends them. All kinds of professional advice belong to this order in the classification of authorities.

But, thirdly, as Lewis has observed with much acuteness, we are in the constant habit of following yet another kind of authority, the authority of ourselves. In very many cases, where we have reached certain results by our own inquiries, the process and the evidence have been forgotten, and are no longer present to the mind at times when we are called upon to act; they are laid aside as no longer necessary; we are satisfied with the knowledge that we inquired at a former time. We now hold to the conclusion, not remembering accurately its warrant, but remembering only that we once decided that it had a warrant. In its essence, this is acting upon authority. From this sort of action upon authority I believe no man of active life, however tenacious be his memory, can escape. And no man, who is content to act on this kind of authority, is entitled to object in principle to acting on other kinds. That I myself am the authority for myself is only an accident of the case. It would be more, could I lay down the dogma that an inquiry by me is better and more conclusive than an inquiry by others. We are bound to act on the best presumption, whether that presumption happens to rest on something done by others, or on something we have done ourselves.

While the naked exhibition of the amount of guidance found for us by authority is certainly unflattering, it has a moral use in the inculcation of much humility. It also offers to the understanding a subject of profound and wondering contemplation, by revealing to us, in measureless extent, the law of human interdependence, which again should have its moral use in deepening the sense of the brotherhood of man.

A general revolt, then, against authority, even in matters of opinion, is a childish or anile superstition, not to be excused by the pretext that it is only due to the love of freedom cherished in excess. The love of

freedom is an essential principle of healthy human action, but is only one of its essential principles. Such a superstition, due only to excess in the love of freedom, may remind us that we should be burned to cinders were the earth capable of imitating its wayward denizens, and indulging itself only in an excess of the centripetal force. We may indeed allow that when personal inquiry has been thorough, unbiassed, and entire, it seems a violation of natural law to say that the inquirer should put it aside in deference to others, even of presumably superior qualification. Here there enters into the case a kind of sacred right of insurrection, essential as a condition of human progress. But the number of the cases in which a man can be sure that his own inquiry fulfils these conditions is comparatively insignificant. Wherever it falls short of fulfilling them, what may be called the subjective speciality of duty disappears; there remains only the paramount law of allegiance to objective truth, and that law, commonly dealing with probable evidence, binds us to take not that evidence with which we ourselves have most to do, but that which, whether our own or not, offers the smallest among the several likelihoods of error. The common cases of opposition lie not between authority and reasonable conviction, but between authority and fancy; authority and lame, or weak, or hasty, or shallow, processes of the mind; authority and sheer self-conceit or headstrong or indolent self-love.

There is something noble in a jealousy of authority, when the intention is to substitute for it a strong persistent course of mental labor. Such labor involves sacrifice, and sacrifice can dignify much error. But unhappily the rejection of authority is too often a cover for indolence as well as wantonness of mind, and the rejection of solid and venerable authority is avenged by lapse into the most ignoble servitudes. Those who think lightly of the testimony of the ages, the tradition of their race, which at all events keeps them in communion with it, are often found the slaves of Mr. A. or Mr. B., of their newspaper or of their club. In a time of much mental movement, men are apt to think it must be right with them, provided only that they move; and they are slow to distinguish between progress and running to and fro. If it be a glory of the age to have discovered the unsuspected width of the sway of law in external nature, let it crown the exploit by cultivating a severer study, than is commonly in use, of the law weighty beyond all others, the law which

fixes, so to speak, the equation of the mind of man in the orbit appointed for the consummation of his destiny.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

From The Examiner.  
GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

DE PROFUNDIS.

A MORE ruffianly-looking vagabond than the honorable member for Ballinasroon could not have been found within the area of London on that warm June evening. And yet he seemed fairly pleased with himself as he boldly took his way across the Green Park. He balanced his basket jauntily over the dirty seal-skin cap. He whistled as he went.

It was his third excursion of the sort; and he was getting to be quite familiar with his *rôle*. In fact, he was not thinking at all at this moment of tramps' patter, or Covent Garden, or anything connected with the lodging-house in which he had already spent two nights. He whistled to give himself courage in another direction. Surely it was not for him, as a man of the world, occupied with the serious duties of life, and, above all, hard-headed and practical, to be perturbed by the sentimental phantasy of a girl. Was it not for her interest, as well as his own, that he should firmly hold out? A frank exposition of their relations now would prevent mistakes in the future—would, indeed, be the truest kindness to her. And as he could not undertake to play a Cupid's part, to become a philanderer, to place a mysterious value on moods and feelings which did not correspond with the actual facts of life, was it not wiser that he should plainly declare as much?

And yet this scoundrelly-looking hawker derived but little consolation from his gay whistling. He could not but think of Lady Sylvia as she wrote the letter now in his pocket; and in his inmost consciousness he knew what that tender-hearted girl must have suffered in penning the cold, proud lines. She had none of his pressing work in which to escape from the harassing pain of such a discussion. He guessed that weary days and sleepless nights were the result of such letters as that he now carried with him. But then,

she was in the wrong. Discipline was wholesome. So he continued his contented trudge, and his whistling.

He crossed St. James's Park, passed through Queen Anne's Gate, and finally plunged into a labyrinth of narrow and squalid streets and lanes with which he seemed sufficiently familiar. It was not a pleasant quarter on this warm night; the air was close and foul; many of the inhabitants of the houses—loosely-dressed women for the most part, who had retreating foreheads, heavy jowls, and a loud laugh that seemed scarcely human—had come out to sit on the doorstep or the pavement. There were not many men about. A few hulking youths—bullet-headed, round-shouldered, in-kneed—lounged about the doors of the public-houses, addressing each other in the most hideous language *à propos* of nothing.

The proprietor of the common lodging-house stood at the entry in his shirt-sleeves. He took no notice of Balfour except that, on his approach, he went along the passage and unlocked a door, admitted him, and shut the door again: this door could not be re-opened on the other side, so that there was no chance of a defaulter sneaking off in the night without paying his fourpence. Balfour went up-stairs. The doors of the various rooms and the rickety little windows were all wide open. The beds—of coarse materials, certainly, but clean—were all formally made. There was not a human being in the place.

He had a room to himself—about eight feet square, with two beds in it. He placed his basket on the bed; and then went down-stairs again, and out into the back-yard. The only occupant of the yard was a grizzled and feeble old man, who was at this moment performing his ablutions in the lavatory, which consisted of three pails of dirty water, standing on a bench in an open shed. The man dried his face, turned, and looked at Balfour with a pair of keen and ferrety eyes, said nothing, and walked off into the kitchen. Balfour was left in sole occupation of the yard, with its surroundings of tumble-down outhouses and dilapidated brick walls; he lit a pipe, and sat down on a bench.

It was not a good time of the year for these researches, the precise object of which he had formerly explained to Lady Sylvia. The summer weather draws tramps, hawkers, and other branches of our nomadic population, into the country, where they can cadge a bit for food, and where, instead of having to pay for a bed

in a hot room, they can sleep comfortably enough beneath an empty cart, or by a hedgerow, or in a new drain-pipe. Nevertheless, a good many strange people turned into this lodging-house of a night; and Balfour, on his first appearance, had rather ingratiated himself with them by pretending to have had a drop too much, and insisting on standing beer all round. As he muttered his determination to fight any man who refused to drink with him — and as there was a brawny and bony look about the build of his shoulders — the various persons present overcame their natural modesty, and drank the beer. Thereafter the newcomer relapsed into a gloomy silence; sate on a bench in a corner which was hidden in shadow; and doubtless most of his companions, as they proceeded to talk of their experiences of unions, guardians, magistrates, and the like — the aristocracy, of course, preferring to talk of the money they had made in bygone times, when their particular trade or lay had not been overrun with competition — imagined he was asleep.

On the following night he was well received; and now he entered a little more into conversation with them — his share in it being limited to occasional questions. But there was one man there, who, from the very first, regarded him with suspicion; and he knew that from the way in which this man followed him about with his watchful eyes. This was an old man called Fiddling Jack, who, with a green shade over his eyes, went about Lambeth as a blind man, accompanied by his daughter, a child of nine or ten, who played the violin and collected the coppers. Whether his care of the child was parental or merely prudential, he always brought her back to the lodging-house, and sent her to bed, by nine o'clock; the rest of the evening he spent in the great kitchen, smoking a black clay pipe. From the very first Balfour knew that this old man suspected something; or was it that his eyes being guarded from the light all day, seemed preternaturally keen when the green shade was removed?

But the man whom Balfour most feared was another old man, who in former days had been the owner of a large haberdashery business in the King's Road, Chelsea; and who had drank himself down until he now earned his living by selling evening papers on one of the river piers. His brain, too, had given way; he was now a half-maudlin, amiable, harmless old man, whose fine language and courteous manners had got for him the title of "Mr."

Now Mr. Sturt excelled in conversation, and he spoke with great propriety of phrase, so that again and again Balfour found himself on the point of replying to this old gentleman as he would have done to a member of the House of Commons. In fact, his only safeguard with respect to Mr. Sturt lay in complete silence.

But indeed, on this third evening of his explorations, his heart was not in his work at all. As he walked up and down the squalid yard — occasionally noticing a newcomer come in — his mind was filled, not with any social or political problem, but with a great compunction and yearning. He dared not take Lady Sylvia's letter from his pocket; but he tried to remember every word in it; and he pondered over this and the other phrase to see if it could not somehow be construed into an expression of affection. Then he began to compose his answer to it; and that, he determined, would be a complete abandonment of the position he had taken up. After all was not a great deal to be granted to the woman one loved? If she was unreasonable, it was only the privilege of her sex. In any case, he would argue no longer; he would try the effect of a frank and generous surrender.

Having come to this decision, which afforded him great internal comfort, he bethought himself of his immediate task; and accordingly he walked into the kitchen, where a number of the *habitués* had already assembled. An excess of courtesy is not the order of the day in a common lodging-house, and so he gave no greeting, and received none. He sate down on a rickety stool in the great, dusky den; and while some of the odd-looking folks were having their supper, he lit another pipe. But he had not sat there five minutes when he had formed a distinct opinion that there was an alteration in the manner of those people towards him. They looked at him askance; they had become silent since the moment of his entrance. Moreover, the newcomers, as they dropped in, regarded him curiously, and invariably withdrew to the further end of the big apartment. When they spoke, it was amongst themselves, and in a low voice.

So conscious did he in time become of all this that he resolved he would not spoil the evening of these poor folks; he would go up to that small room above. Doubtless some secret wish to re-read Lady Sylvia's letter had some influence on this decision; at any rate, he went out into the yard, took a turn up and down with



his hands in his pockets; and then with apparent carelessness went up-stairs. He sat down on the edge of the small and rude bed, and took out the letter.

He had not been there five minutes when a woman rushed into the room, greatly excited. She was a stalwart woman, with an immensely broad bust, keen grey eyes, and a grey moustache, that gave a truculent look to her face.

"For God's sake, get out o' this, sir!" she said, hurriedly, but not loudly, "the boys have been drinking at the Blue Tun, and they're coming down on you—look sharp, sir—never mind the basket—run for it—"

"But what's the matter, Mrs. Grace?" said he, stubbornly, refusing to rise; he could not submit to the ignominy of running, without knowing why.

"It's all along o' that Fiddling Jack—by the Lord, I'll pay him out!" said the woman, with an angry look. He's been about saying you was a buz-man—"

"A what?"

"He says it was you got Billy Rowland a lifer; and the boys are saying they'll do for you this very night. Get away now, sir—it's no use talking to them—they've been drinking."

"Look here, Mrs. Grace," said he, calmly, as he removed a false bottom from the basket beside him, and took out a six-chambered revolver, "I am a peaceable person; but if there's a row, I'll play ducks and drakes with some of them."

"For God's sake, don't show them that, or you're a dead man," said the woman. "Now, sir, off you go."

He seemed in no great hurry; but he put the pistol into his breast-pocket, put on his cap, and went down-stairs. There was no sound at all—no unusual excitement. He got the proprietor to unlock the dividing door, and went along the passage. He called a good-night to Mrs. Grace.

But he had no sooner got to the street than he was met by a great howl, like the roaring of wild beasts; and then he saw before him a considerable crowd of people who had just come along, and were drawing round the entrance in a semi-circle. He certainly turned pale for a moment, and stood still. It was only in a confused sort of way that he perceived that this hoarsely murmuring crowd was composed chiefly of women—viragoes with bare heads and arms—and louts of lads about nineteen or twenty. He could not distinguish their cries; he only knew that they were mingled taunts and menaces. What to do he knew not; while to

speak to this howling mass was on the face of it useless. What was all this about "Billy Rowland," "Scotland Yard," "Spy," "Buz-man," and the rest?

"What is it you want with me?" he called aloud; but of what avail was his single voice against those thousand angry cries?

A stone was flung at him, and missed him. He saw the big lout who threw it dodge back into the crowd.

"You cowardly scoundrel," he shouted, making an involuntary step forward, "come out here and I'll fight you—I'll fight any one of you—ah! skulk behind the women, do!"

At this moment he received a stinging blow on the side of the head that sent him staggering for a yard or two. A woman had crept up by the side of the houses, and pitched a broken piece of tile at him. Had she thrown it, it must have killed him; as it was, it merely cut him, so that instantaneously the side of his head and neck were streaming with blood.

He recovered his footing; the stinging pain awoke all the Celtic ferocity in him; he drew out his revolver, and turned to the spot from whence his unexpected assailant had attacked him. There was one terrible moment of hesitation. Had it been a man, he would have shot him dead. As it was, he paused; and then, with a white face, he threw his revolver on the pavement.

He did not quite know what happened next, for he was faint from loss of blood, and giddy. But this was what happened. The virago who had pitched the piece of tile at him, as soon as she saw the pistol lying on the pavement, uttered a screech of joy, and sprang forward to seize it. The next moment she received a crashing blow on the jaw, which sent her reeling senseless into the gutter; and the next moment Mrs. Grace had picked up the revolver, while with her other hand she caught hold of Balfour as with the grip of a vice, and dragged him into the passage.

"Run!" she said. "The door is open! Through the yard—there is a chair at the wall—don't stop till you're at the Abbey!"

She stood at the narrow entrance, and barred the way; the great, brawny arm gripping the revolver.

"Swelp me," she shouted—and she knew how to make herself heard—"swelp me God, if one of you stirs a foot nearer, there'll be murder here this night. I mean it. My name's Sal

Grace; and by the Lord there's six of you dead if you lift a hand against me!"

At the same moment, Balfour, though he felt giddy, bewildered, and considerably weak about the knees, had bolted down the back yard until he came to the brick wall. Here he found a rickety cane-bottomed chair; and by its aid he managed to clamber over. Now he was in an open space of waste ground—it had just been bought by the government for some purpose or other—and, so far as he could see, it was closely fenced all round. At length, however, he descried a hole in the paling that some children had made; and through that he managed to squeeze himself. Presently he was making his way as fast as he could through a series of slums; but his object was less to make straight for the Abbey than to rout out the policemen on his way, and send them back to the relief of his valiant defender; and this he most luckily and successfully accomplished. He had managed, too, during his flight, to partly mop up the blood that had streamed from the wound in his head.

Then he missed his way somehow; for otherwise, a very few minutes' running and walking must have taken him either to the Abbey or the embankment; and now, as he felt faint, he staggered into a public-house.

"Well, my man, what's the matter with you?" said the burly publican, as he saw this newcomer sink down on a bench.

"Some water—some brandy," said Balfour, involuntarily putting his hand up to the side of his head.

"Good Lord, you've 'ad the worst of it, my lad," said the publican—he was familiar with the results of a free fight. "Here, Jim, get a pail o' water, and let this chap put his 'ead in it. Don't you let that blood get on the floor, my man."

The cool water applied to his head, and the glass of brandy, vile as it was, that he drank, pulled Balfour together. He rose, and the publican and the pot-boy were astonished to find the difference in the appearance of this coster's face, produced by the pail of water. And when, on leaving, he gave the pot-boy half-a-crown for his attention, what were they to make of it?

By some means or other, he finally managed to wander into Victoria Street; and here, with some difficulty, he persuaded a cabman to drive him up to Piccadilly. He was secure himself, and he had little fear for the safety of Mrs. Grace. He knew the authority wielded over the

neighborhood by that stalwart Amazon; and in any case he had sent her sufficient police aid.

He got his man to wash that ugly cut along the side of his head before sending for a surgeon to have it properly dressed.

"Will you look at your letters, sir?"

"Not to-night," he said, for he was feeling tired.

But on second thoughts he fancied he might as well run his eye over the envelopes. He started on finding there one from Lady Sylvia. Had she then written immediately after the despatch of her last?

"Dearest Hugh," the girl wrote. "*It will be when you please. I cannot bear quarrelling with you. Your Sylvia.*"

As he read the simple words—he was weak and feverish—his eyes became moist. This girl loved him.

## CHAPTER XII.

### HAVEN AT LAST.

THE cut Balfour had received was merely a flesh-wound, and not at all serious; but of course when Lady Sylvia heard of the adventure in Westminster she knew that he must have been nearly murdered, and she would go to him at once, and her heart smote her sorely that she should have been selfishly thinking of her own plans and wishes when this noble champion of the poor was adventuring his very life for the public good. She knew better than to believe the jibing account of the whole matter that Balfour sent her. He was always misrepresenting himself—playing the part of Mephistopheles to his own Faust—anxious to escape even from the loyal worship and admiration freely tendered him by one loving heart.

But when she insisted on at once going up to London, her father demurred. At that moment he had literally not a five-pound note he could lay his hands on; and that private hotel in Arlington Street was an expensive place.

"Why not ask him to come down here for a few days?" Lord Willowby said. "Wouldn't that be more sensible? Give him two or three days' rest and fresh air to recover him."

"He wouldn't come away just now, papa," said Lady Sylvia, seriously. "He won't let anything stand between him and his public duties—"

"His public duties!" her father said, impatiently. "His public fiddlesticks! What are his public duties—to shoot out

his tongue at the very people who sent him into Parliament!"

"He has no duties to *them*," she said, warmly. "They don't deserve to be represented at all. I hope at the next general election he will go to some other constituency. And if he does," she added, with a flush coming to her cheeks, "I know one who will canvass for him."

"Go away, Sylvia," said her father, with a smile, "and write a line to the young man, and tell him to come down here. He will be glad enough. And what is this nonsense about a house in this neighborhood—don't you want to see about that if you are going to get married in August? At the same time, I think you are a couple of fools."

"Why, papa?" she demanded, patiently.

"To throw away money like that! What more could you want than that house in Piccadilly? It could be made a charming little place. And this nonsense about a cottage down here—roses and lilies, I suppose, and a cuckoo-clock and a dairy; you have no right to ask any man to throw away his money like that."

Lord Willowby showed an unusual interest in Mr. Balfour's affairs; perhaps it was merely because he knew how much better use he could have made of this money that the young people were going to squander.

"It is his own wish, papa."

"Who put it into his head?"

"And if I did?" said Lady Sylvia, valiantly, "don't you think there should be some retreat for a man harassed with the cares of public life? What rest could he get in Piccadilly? Surely it is no unusual thing for people to have a house in the country as well as one in town; and of course there is no part of the country I could like as much as this part. So you see you are quite wrong, papa; and I am quite right—as I always am."

"Go away, and write your letter," said her father.

Lady Sylvia went to her room, and sate down to her desk. But before she wrote to Balfour she had another letter to write, and she seemed to be sorely puzzled about it. She had never written to Mrs. Grace before; and she did not know exactly how to apologize for her presumption in addressing a stranger. Then she wished to send Mrs. Grace a present; and the only thing she could think of was lace—for lace was about the only worldly valuables which Lady Sylvia possessed. All this was of her own undertaking. Had she

consulted her father, he would have said, "Write as you would to a servant." Had she consulted Balfour, he would have shouted with laughter at the notion of presenting that domineering landlady of the Westminster slums with a piece of real Valenciennes. But Lady Sylvia set to work on her own account; and at length composed the following message, out of the ingenuous simplicity of her own small head: "Willowby Hall, Tuesday morning. My dear Mrs. Grace,—I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in sending you these few lines, but I have just heard how nobly and bravely you rendered assistance, at great risk to yourself, to Mr. Balfour, who is a particular friend of my father's and mine, and I thought you would not be offended if I wrote to say how very heartily we thank you. And will you please accept from us the accompanying little parcel; it may remind you occasionally that though we have not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance we are none the less most deeply grateful to you.—I am, my dear Mrs. Grace, yours very sincerely, Sylvia Blythe."

Little did Balfour know of the packet which he forwarded to his valiant friend down in Westminster; but Happiness Alley speedily knew of it, and knows of it to this day. For at great times and seasons, when all the world has gone out to see the queen drive to the opening of Parliament, or to look at the ruins of the last great fire, or to welcome the poor creatures set free by a gaol-delivery, and when Mrs. Grace and her friends have got back to the peace of their own homes, and when pipes have been lit and jugs of ale placed on the window-sill to cool, then with a great pride and vainglory a certain mahogany casket is produced. And if the uses of a *fichu* are only to be guessed at by Mrs. Grace and her friends, and if the precise value of Valenciennes is unknown to them, what matters? It is enough that all the world should know that this article of attire was presented to Mrs. Grace by an earl and an earl's daughter, in proof of which the casket contains—and this Mrs. Grace regards as the highest treasure of all—a letter written in the lady's own hand. She does not show the letter itself. She does not wish to have it fingered about and dirtied. But at these high times of festivity, when the lace is taken out with an awful and reverent care, the envelope of the letter may at least be exhibited; and that is stamped with an earl's coronet.

In due time Balfour went down to Willowby, and now at last it seemed as if all

the troubles and sorrows of these young people were over. In the various glad preparations for the event to which they both looked forward, a generous unanimity of feeling prevailed. Each strove to out-do the other in conciliation. And Lady Sylvia's father smiled benignly on the pair, for he had just borrowed 300*l.* from Balfour to meet some little pressing emergency.

It was a halcyon time indeed, for the year was at its fullest and sweetest, and the member for Ballinascreen was not hampered by the services he rendered to his constituents. One brilliant June day after another shone over the fair Surrey landscapes; beech, ash, and oak were at their greenest; the sunlight warmed up the colors of the pink chestnut and the rose-red hawthorn; and sweet winds played about the woods. They drove to picturesque spots in that line of hill that forms the backbone of Surrey; they made excursions to old-fashioned little hamlets on the Thames; together they rode over the wide commons, where the scent of the gorse was strong in the air. Balfour wondered no longer why Sylvia should love this peaceful and secluded life. Under the glamour of her presence, idleness became delightful, for the first time in the existence of this busy, eager, ambitious man. All his notions of method, of accuracy, of common sense even, he surrendered to this strange fascination. To be unreasonable was a virtue in a woman, if it was Lady Sylvia who was unreasonable. He laughed with pleasure one evening when, in a strenuous argument, she stated that seven times seven were fifty-six. It would have been stupid in a servant to have spilled the tea, but it was pretty when Lady Sylvia's small wrist was the cause of that mishap. And when, with her serious, timid eyes grown full of feeling, she pleaded the cause of the poor sailor sent to sea in rotten ships, he felt himself ready then to go into the House and out-Plimsoll Plimsoll in his enthusiasm on behalf of so good a cause.

It was not altogether love in idleness. They had their occupations. First of all, she spent nearly a whole week in town choosing wall-colors, furniture, and pictures for that house in Piccadilly, though it was with a great shyness she went to the various places and expressed her opinion. During that week she saw a good deal more of London and of London life than commonly came within her experience. For one thing, she had the trembling delight of listening, from behind the

grill, to Balfour making a short speech in the House. It was a terrible ordeal for her; her heart throbbed with anxiety, and she tore a pair of gloves into small pieces unknowingly. But as she drove home, she convinced herself, with a high exultation, that there was no man in the House who looked so distinguished as that one, that the stamp of a great statesman was visible in the square forehead and in the firm mouth, and that if the House knew as much as she knew, it would be more anxious to listen for those words of wisdom which were to save the nation. Balfour's speech was merely a few remarks made in committee. They were not of great importance. But when, next morning, she eagerly looked in the newspapers, and found what he had said condensed into a sentence, she was in a wild rage, and declared to her father that public men were treated shamefully in this country.

That business of refurbishing the house in Piccadilly had been done perforce; it was with a far greater satisfaction that she set about decorating and preparing a spacious cottage, called the Lilacs, which was set in the midst of a pretty garden, some three miles from Willowby Park. Here, indeed, was pleasant work for her; and to her was entrusted the whole management of the thing, in Balfour's necessary absence in town. From day to day she rode over to see how the workmen were getting on. She sent up business-like reports to London. And at last she gently hinted that he might come down to see what had been done.

"Will you ride over, or drive?" said Lord Willowby to his guest, after breakfast that morning.

"I am sure Mr. Balfour would rather walk, papa," said Lady Sylvia, "for I have discovered a whole series of short-cuts, that I want to show him—across the fields. Unless it will tire you, papa?"

"It won't tire me at all," said Lord Willowby, with great consideration, "for I am not going. I have letters to write. But if you walk over, you must send Lock to the cottage with the horses, and ride back."

Although they were profoundly disappointed that Lord Willowby could not accompany them, they set out on their walk with an assumed cheerfulness which seemed to conceal their inward grief. It was July now; but the morning was fresh and cool after the night's rain, and there was a pleasant southerly breeze blowing the fleecy clouds across the blue sky, so



that there was an abundance of light, motion, and color all around them. The elms were rustling and swaying in the park; the rooks were cawing; in the distance they saw a cloud of yellow smoke arise from the road as the fresh breeze blew across.

She led him a way by secret paths and wooded lanes, with here and there a stile to cross, and here and there a swinging gate to open. She was anxious he should know intimately all the surroundings of his future home; and she seemed to be familiar with the name of every farmhouse, every turnpike, every clump of trees in the neighborhood. She knew the various plants in the hedges; and he professed himself profoundly interested in learning their names. They crossed a bit of common now; he had never known before how beautiful the flowers of a common were—the pale lemon-colored hawkweed, the purple thyme, the orange and crimson-tipped bird's-foot trefoil. They passed through waving fields of rye; he had never noticed before the curious sheen of grey produced by the wind on those billows of green. They came in sight of long undulations of wheat; he vowed he had never seen in his life anything so beautiful as the brilliant scarlet of the poppies where the corn was scant. The happiness in Lady Sylvia's face when he expressed himself delighted with all these things, was something to see.

They came upon a gypsy encampment, apparently deserted by all but the women and children. One of the younger women immediately came out, and began the usual patter. Would not the pretty lady have her fortune told? She had many happy days in store for her; but she had a little temper of her own; and so forth. Lady Sylvia stood irresolute, bashful, rather inclined to submit to the ordeal for the amusement of the thing, and looking doubtfully at her companion as to whether he would approve. As for Balfour, he did not pay the slightest heed to the poor woman's jargon. His eye had been wandering over the encampment, apparently examining everything. And then he turned to the woman and began to question her, with a directness that startled her out of her trade-manner altogether. She answered him simply and seriously, though it was not a very direful tale she had to tell. When Balfour had got all the information he wanted, he gave the woman half-a-sovereign, and passed on with his companion; and of course Lady Sylvia said to herself that it was the abrupt sincerity, the force

of character, in this man that compelled sincerity in others, and she was more than ever convinced that the like of him was not to be found in the world.

"Well, Sylvia," said he, when they reached the Lilacs, and had passed through the fragrant garden, "you have really made it a charming place. It is a place one might pass one's life away in—reading books, smoking, dreaming day-dreams."

"I hope you will always find rest and quiet in it," said she in a low voice.

It was a long, irregular, two-storied cottage, with a verandah along the front; and it was pretty well smothered in white roses. There was not much of a lawn; for the ground facing the French windows had mostly been cut up into flower-beds—beds of turquoise-blue forget-me-nots, of white and speckled clove-pinks that sweetened all the air around, of various-hued pansies, and of white and purple columbine. But the strong point of the cottage and the garden was its roses. There were roses everywhere—rose-bushes in the various plots, rose-trees covering the walls, roses in the tiny hall into which they passed when the old housekeeper made her appearance. "I'll tell you who ought to live here, Sylvia," said her companion. "That German fellow you were telling us about who lives close, by—Count von Rosen. I never saw such roses in my life."

Little adornment indeed was needed to make this retreat a sufficiently charming one; but all the same, Lady Sylvia had spent a vast amount of care on it, and her companion was delighted with the skill and grace in which the bare materials of the furniture which he had only seen in the London shops had been arranged. As they walked through the quaint little rooms, they did not say much to each other; for doubtless their minds were sufficiently busy in drawing pictures of the happy life they hoped to spend there.

Of course, all these nice things cost money. Balfour had been for some time drawing upon his partners in a fashion which rather astonished those gentlemen; for they had grown accustomed to calculate on the extreme economy of the young man. One morning the head clerk in the firm of Balfour, Skinner, Green and Co., in opening the letters, came upon one from Mr. Hugh Balfour, in which that gentleman gave formal notice that he would want a sum of 50,000*l.* in cash on the 1st of August. When Mr. Skinner arrived, the head clerk put the letter be-

fore him. He did not turn pale, nor did he nervously break the paper-knife he held in his hand. He only said "Good Lord!" and then he added, "I suppose he must have it at any cost."

It was in the second week in August that Mr. Hugh Balfour, M.P. for Ballinascroon, was married to Lady Sylvia Blythe, only daughter of the Earl of Willowby, of Willowby Hall, Surrey; and immediately after the marriage, the happy pair started off to spend their honeymoon in Germany.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
THE GOSSIP OF HISTORY.

"THERE are," says Macaulay, in that fine essay which laid the foundations of his fame, "a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure, which have been weighed in the balance and have not been found wanting, which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High." Of these the great historian considered Milton to be one, and we should most of us like to agree with him. Yet there are some curious stories about Milton, who was perhaps not the pleasantest of men in private life. Thus he is said to have taught his daughters the Greek alphabet, without attempting to instruct them in the language, in order that they might the sooner be qualified for the irksome task of reading to him authors of whose works they could not understand a syllable. To the common mind this seems a piece of gross selfishness, though it is quite possible that Milton, whose conception of woman's mission was not the highest, may never have imagined he was guilty of an act of injustice in turning intelligent beings into machines. His ideal of female perfection seems to have been the Eve of his own "Paradise Lost," before the fall. Adam lived "for God only—she for God in him"—a view of the marriage tie for which there is assuredly no warrant in the New Testament. And many will consider Dinah, in "Adam Bede," preaching herself to the simple village folk, as a nobler picture of womanly goodness. In Milton's system there would hardly have been room for St. Teresa, or Mrs. Fry, much less for Queen Elizabeth, of glorious memory.

Another story of Milton is only ludi-

crous, but one hopes it is not true, for one would like only the loftiest associations to centre round his name. A friend once condoled with him on the loss of his sight, from the point of view that he could never have the pleasure of seeing his wife. "Ah," replied Milton with a sigh, "would that I were deaf as well!" In truth Milton seems to have looked upon his Bessy (No. 3) as a necessary evil, necessary for purposes of housekeeping and cookery. Some of his biographers have represented him as a man of austere life, who made himself miserable by supping on olives and cold water, but it seems more probable that he was something of an epicure in a quiet way, and that a savory stew was very much indeed to his taste. His wife once set before him a dish of which he was exceedingly fond, dressed with nicest culinary art, and as the poet ate, he observed, with his mouth full, by way of expressing his thanks, "Thou knowest that I have left thee all I have." History is silent as to the precise nature of this memorable refection, whether "grisamber steamed," or game "built up in pastry," but those who think Milton had no idea of a good dinner, have only to turn to the description of the banquet with which the devil tempts our Saviour in "Paradise Regained;" how unlike, he exclaims, "to that crude apple which diverted Eve!"

Yet it seems almost sacrilege to repeat gossip concerning the inspired martyr of English liberty. One is tempted to use the formula employed by Herodotus, when that charming story-teller had given some particularly naughty story relating to a venerated personage, "May I not incur the anger of any god or hero!" The truth is that half of what constitutes the amusing in the annals of our curious race is composed of facts more or less to the discredit of those who have made a stir in the world. Who, for instance, that has read Fitztraver's song has not learnt to connect the name of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, with all that is brightest in chivalry, in poesy, and in love? Yet his passion for Geraldine is well-nigh an exploded myth, and all its romantic incidents have long since receded into the domain of fable. The facts about him are more prosaic, and he seems to have spent his youth much as other "swells" of the sixteenth century—partly, one grieves to find, in the mediæval substitute for wrenching off knockers. Thus we find him summoned before the privy council for eating flesh in Lent, and for walking about the streets at night in a "lewd and unseemly manner,"

and breaking windows with a cross-bow. On the first charge he excused himself; the second he confessed, and on it was committed to prison. It would be interesting to know whether his lordship paid for the windows he broke, as glass must have been dear in the reign of Henry VIII. Poor Surrey! He lived in a barbarous and unnatural age, when too often a man's foes were they of his own household; and he was ultimately convicted of high treason on the joint testimony of his sister, the Duchess of Richmond, and of his father's mistress. It was a judicial murder of the foulest kind.

Another Howard, John, dubbed "the philanthropist," may seem, to a sceptical generation, a far less amiable person than the thoughtless and unfortunate Surrey. No doubt he did excellent work in reforming prison discipline; but charity, says a shrewd proverb, should begin at home, and there is too much reason to believe that Howard was a severe, not to say a harsh, parent. He managed to make his son afraid of him, and the result was dismal enough. The young man fell into dissolute habits, which were carefully concealed from the father, and consequently unchecked, till they had brought on a disease which terminated in incurable madness. It is fair to add that Mr. Hepworth Dixon considers the charge of harshness brought against Howard as unfair, but some painful facts are not easily explained away. The best story ever told of Howard is, perhaps, the answer he made to Joseph II. when the latter observed that the law in his own dominions was more clement than in England. There, said the emperor, men were hanged for many offences for which they would only be imprisoned in Austria. "That is true," rejoined Howard, "but give me leave to tell your Majesty that I had much rather be hanged than stay in one of your prisons." It should be added that some of Howard's prison reforms were of more than questionable utility; and he has the bad reputation of having introduced the system of solitary confinement, the application of which he recommended to refractory boys — "for which," said the mild and generous Charles Lamb, "I could spit on his statue." Had Howard lived in another age and clime he might have developed into a Torquemada or St. Dominic, and have been distinguished as the founder of an inquisition. He led a strict life himself, had the highest zeal for the public good, and was probably destitute of natural affections.

It is to the credit of human nature that

when a man has rendered great services to his country or to his kind, we resolutely refuse to look at the dark side of his character, and form a glorified picture of him for the mind's eye to rest upon. The portrait of Nelson is not blurred for Englishmen. We are jealous of Byron's reputation, and will scarcely suffer it to be justly or unjustly assailed. With what pleasure should we not hail the fact that a painstaking writer had effectually cleared the character of Marlborough from the stains of avarice and corruption! And yet it is always well to look facts resolutely in the face, for they often explain, and enable us to condone. To know all would be to forgive all. Take the case of Nelson. The murder of Prince Caracciolo and all the other bad doings at Naples may be traced directly to his infatuation for Lady Hamilton. And whence did that infatuation arise? It has been asserted that Nelson gradually became estranged from his wife because she did not take enough interest in his career, and seemed hardly to know that her husband was the idolized hero of the nation. If so it was a grievous fault, and the result, with a man of Nelson's temperament, might have been easily foreseen. "My dear, great, glorious Nelson," if we remember aright, was the style in which the wife of a cabinet minister, who can scarcely have been personally acquainted with the admiral, wrote to congratulate him on the victory of the Nile. Lady Hamilton was even more demonstrative, and Nelson took a naïve, almost childlike pleasure in being made much of, and called "great" and "glorious" to his face. He had done great things, and was not ashamed to own that he felt proud of his achievements. Indeed self-assertion on his part occasionally took an unpleasant form. Towards the close of the war with the First Republic, when the general distress was sharp, and bread frightfully dear — in 1800 the price of the quarter loaf rose to one shilling and tenpence half-penny — a curious fashion arose of giving dinners in which the guests were asked to bring their own bread. Nelson was invited to such a dinner, but through some oversight he had apparently not been informed of the conditions of the feast. At all events, when he found there was no bread, he made quite a little scene, called his servant, and, before the whole company, gave him a shilling, and ordered him to go and buy a roll, saying aloud: "It is hard that after fighting my country's battles, I should be grugged her bread." One would not like to have been present

at that dinner-party, still less to have been the host; and, in truth, either Nelson should not have been invited, or an exception should have been made in his favor.

It is also part of the ill-natured gossip of history that Nelson's last signal was not "England" but "Nelson expects every man to do his duty," and that the officer to whom the order was given affected to have misunderstood his directions, and substituted the sentence which was actually telegraphed. Southey says it was received by the fleet with enthusiasm, but an eye-witness of the battle has recorded the equally probable fact, that some unideal Britons could not well make out what it meant. "Do our duty?" quoth one of them, "why, of course we shall." In truth, the English dislike of rhetoric (strange enough in a country which has given parliamentary institutions to the world) amounts to a fault; it makes us think that heroic words are never found in company with heroic acts. This is far from being the case, as a notable incident in the life of General Wolfe will show. After his appointment to the command of the expedition against Canada, and on the day preceding his embarkation, Pitt invited him to dinner. The only other guest was Lord Temple, Pitt's brother-in-law, who afterwards told the story to Thomas Grenville. As the evening advanced, Wolfe, ever so slightly warmed with wine, or, it may be, merely fired by his own thoughts, broke forth into a strain of gasconade. He drew his sword—he rapped the table with it—he flourished it round the room—he talked of the mighty things that sword was to achieve. The two ministers sat aghast, at an exhibition so unusual from any man of real sense and spirit, and when at last Wolfe had taken his leave, and his carriage was heard to roll from the door, Pitt seemed for the moment shaken in the high opinion which he had formed of Wolfe: he lifted up his eyes and arms, and exclaimed to Lord Temple, "Good God! that I should have entrusted the fate of the country and of the administration to such hands!" Few anecdotes rest on better authority, yet it may be hoped that Lord Temple or Mr. Grenville was guilty of a slight inaccuracy in putting into the mouth of Pitt the words, "and of the administration," which sound like bathos, whereas Pitt always spoke and thought in the loftiest strain. Indeed, in judging Wolfe, the great statesman might have known, from the best of evidence, that "tall talk" is occasionally the herald of great actions. "My Lord," he

had said in 1757 to the Duke of Devonshire, "I am sure that I can save this country, and that nobody else can"—which proved to be the true state of the case.

In spite of "goody" books, which profess that genius is invariably accompanied by modesty, at least half the famous men of history have been intensely egotistical, and strenuous asserters of their own merits.

"After all, what have I done?" exclaimed Napoleon one day, as if to silence a flatterer. "Is it anything compared with what Christ has done?" Indeed, one of Napoleon's arguments for the truth of Christianity seemed to be that Christ, having founded a mightier empire than his own, must necessarily have been more than mortal. Heroes are apt to reason curiously. Nelson told Lord Holland that he often felt pain in the arm he had lost, "which," added the gallant warrior, "is a clear proof of the immortality of the soul, and sets the question completely at rest." This remark would have been hailed with delight by that ingenious theorist who held that puzzle-headedness conduced to celebrity, and who, by the way, defended his opinions with singular skill. He had once maintained at a dinner-party that most men who have attained suddenly and rapidly to fame have been puzzle-headed. "What do you say," objected one of the company, "to Mr. Pitt? He was an admired statesman at the age of twenty-three; and was he a puzzle-headed man?" "Why, not generally such," was the answer, "but he was such in reference to the particular point which mainly contributed to obtain him that early and speedy popularity. Look at the portraits of him at that time, and you will see a paper in his hand, or on his table, inscribed 'Sinking Fund.' It was his eloquent advocacy of that delusion (as all, now, admit it to have been) which brought him such sudden renown. And he could not have so ably recommended—nor indeed would he probably have adopted—that juggle of Dr. Price's if he had not been himself the dupe of his fallacy; as Lord Grenville also was, who afterwards published a pamphlet in which he frankly exposed the delusion."

As a rule, to be puzzle-headed is not so great a hindrance to success in life as want of fixed opinions and principles. A strange story is told of Berryer which illustrates both the utility and the possibility of early making up one's mind, on some of the great questions of religion and politics. When a very young man, with



fame and fortune yet to win, Berryer is said to have considered the arguments for atheism and republicanism (too often mixed up together in France) as being on the whole quite as good as those for religion and legitimism. He felt, moreover, that for worldly success it was requisite that he should not continue all his life a doubter, but have some sort of creed. Should he range himself on the side of Church and king, or for "the immortal principles of 1789"? After trying in vain to balance the considerations for and against either belief he gave up the task in disgust, and decided the course of his life in a singular, one is tempted to say impious fashion. He took a *louis-d'or* from his pocket, tossed it up, and said, "Heads, king; tail, republic." Heads it was, and from that moment Berryer became the sworn champion of legitimism, and ultimately, no doubt, grew to believe himself the advocate of a true cause. But what if, to use Plato's expression, he did, on that memorable day, take a lie into his soul? There are better rewards than those of worldly success, "the inquiry of truth," as Lord Bacon finely observes, "which is the love-making, or wooing of it—and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it—being the sovereign good of human nature." Those words have the ring of a morality at once healthy, honest, and sublime. They are separated *toto calo* from the strange advice given by Keble to Arnold, when the latter was troubled with doubts as to the doctrine of the Trinity. Keble counselled his friend to take a living and preach incessantly to his parishioners the doctrine in which he only half believed, by way of strengthening his own faith. The advice would seem positively immoral did one not remember that Keble scarcely conceived that doubt could ever be honest, much less well-founded. He was once urged by an admirer to write on the subject of the inspiration of the Scriptures, the limits of inspiration being a subject that was causing difficulties to many thoughtful persons. Keble replied that he feared those who found any difficulties were too wicked to be open to conviction. So unamiable and unjust could be the thoughts of the man who was considered by many of his friends as a saint, and who really was a conspicuous example of human virtue and goodness.

The fact is that the character which has, in a somewhat narrow sense, been peculiarly called "saintly" is very far from being agreeable. It is not pleasant

to read of Thomas à Becket that "he swarmed with vermin" (*effervescebat verminibus*), nor does one like Isabella the Catholic any the better for learning that she was wont to rejoice and give thanks at the sight of a gallows with a man hanging therefrom, which may possibly be the origin of the story about the traveller who was delighted to see a gibbet, as a proof that he was in a civilized country. Pleasanter is that trait of Queen Henrietta Maria, who fell down on her knees, crossed herself and uttered a short prayer, when, in one of her first walks on English soil, she came suddenly in view of Tyburn, with its ghastly spectacle of corpses swinging in the wind. And here it may be observed that the gossip of history, if it tends to lower some great names in our esteem, yet helps to raise others. In the kingdom of knowledge, as in the kingdom of heaven, many that are first shall be last and the last first. The character of Noy, Charles I.'s attorney-general, is not a lofty one, yet there is something very human and even touching in the account of his last will. He bequeathed a fine fortune to his son "to be squandered as he shall think fit—I leave it him for that purpose, and I hope no better from him." Noy drew the writ for levying ship-money, and did many other improper things, but one may take leave to like him quite as much as a model reformer of prisons. Noy evidently loved his son, and could not bear to be harsh to him, possibly too he thought he discerned in the young man some feeling of pride which would spur him so to live as to falsify the prediction. Unhappily, the lad only fulfilled the anticipation expressed in his will:—

Drank, revelled, fought, and in a duel died — if one may slightly modify a verse of Pope in deference to the susceptibilities of Mrs. Grundy.

Sixty years ago the name most abhorred by lovers of freedom in England and elsewhere was that of Lord Castlereagh. The Tory minister for foreign affairs, in the days of the Holy Alliance, was supposed to be the determined enemy of liberty throughout the world, a man of harsh and cruel purposes, ruthless in carrying them out. When the unhappy statesman died by his own hand, many must have been surprised at the evidence given by his valet on the inquest. "Had he any reason to suppose that his lordship's mind had been deranged of late?" "Well, his lordship had been a little strange of late?" — "For instance?" — "Well, he spoke

harshly to me a day or two before his death." It is satisfactory to think that the political fame of a man who was evidently so genial and kindly in private life is beginning to clear itself by the light of contemporary memoirs. Whatever may have been his faults, Castlereagh was a true Englishman, and had the interests of his country sincerely at heart. In any case his is the merit, in great part, of the two last and only successful coalitions against Napoleon; and it must have been a patient and skilful diplomacy which combined the forces destined to conquer at Leipsic and Waterloo.

Some novelists, if no serious historians, have attempted to draw flattering likenesses of James II., but most men will be of opinion that he was fairly gibbeted by Macaulay. The man looks so contemptible deserting a young and pretty wife, for ugly mistresses. "I can't find what he sees to admire in me," said Catherine Sedley; "certainly 'tis not for my beauty—and as to my wit, he has not enough to see that I have any." The accomplished Marquis of Halifax had an equally poor opinion of his intellect, and was wont to say of Charles and James, that "the elder could see things if he would, while the younger would see things if he could;" a cruel sentence, which is yet something of a compliment to the moral nature of James. He must, indeed, have had some good qualities, for he was devotedly served in the days of his exile, and men rarely devote themselves for a principle which is not more or less amiably incarnate. There is a little story told of James which shows that he possessed at least some of the Stuart urbanity. He was sitting to Sir Godfrey Kneller for a portrait designed as a present to Pepys, when the news of the landing of the Prince of Orange was brought to him. The king commanded the painter to proceed and finish the portrait, that his friend might not be disappointed.

Of James's successful rival, on the other hand, Macaulay's portrait must be considered too flattering, especially by contrast. William was not only an unfaithful husband, but as ostentatious in his infidelities, as careless of conventionalities, as little regardful of his wife's feelings as Charles II. Now, Macaulay gives one a good deal of precise information about the private life of the two last Stuart kings, and touches but lightly on the failings of William. He even goes out of the way to praise the latter for trying to compel one of his officers to marry a young lady whom

he had wronged—excellent counsel, no doubt, but which must have come with bad grace from a man whose morals were in no wise above the level of the age in which he lived.

There is an anecdote told of our Dutch ruler which reflects some little credit on him, though not much—for he could hardly have acted otherwise—but which is chiefly worth relating for the curious light in which it sets the first constitutional king of England. William had sentenced an insubordinate regiment to be decimated. The soldiers accordingly drew lots, every tenth man, of course, drawing a prize—the prize of death. Not unnaturally one of the winners felt disposed to sell the lot he had drawn, if haply he could find a purchaser. One poor fellow at length agreed to be shot in his stead for a hundred pistoles to be paid to his relatives after his execution. William, having been informed of the bargain, sent for the soldier, and asked whether what he had been told was true. "Yes," replied the man, sulkily, "I have run the risk of being killed all my life for next to nothing a day, and now I can secure my wife and children something substantial. I am ready to die." William pardoned the man—he could hardly do less, and gave him the hundred pistoles. Martial law was formally recognized by Parliament in 1689, but the decimated regiment must have been a Dutch or German one, for English public opinion would at no time have tolerated such a barbarous mockery of justice. Dutch ideas of liberty, however, were always curious, or at any rate exhibited a striking discrepancy on some points from English ideas, and somehow or other we incline to the latter as the sounder.

Yet there was much that was lovable in the character of William, who was a staunch friend and a generous foe; and perhaps he is the most estimable in the long line of our sovereigns, with the exception of Alfred, and perhaps of Cromwell. Alfred, by the way, comes nearer to perfection than any prince of whom history makes mention, though scandal was once busy even with his stainless name. In youth he is said to have been dissipated, and even to have alienated his subjects by his misgovernment and immoralities. If so, he made a noble atonement. *A propos* of the great English king, every one knows the story of the burnt cakes and the scolding he received from the cowherd's wife, but the conclusion of the story is not so generally known. According to William of Malmesbury and other

later chroniclers, the cowherd, whose name was Denulf, having afterwards, on Alfred's recommendation, applied himself to letters, was made by him Bishop of Winchester, and was the same Denulf who died occupant of that see in 909. But what became of Mrs. Denulf? Possibly she lived to be an antetype of Mrs. Proudie, for the English clergy in the pre-Conquest days were not averse from marriage, and nearly two centuries were yet to elapse before Gregory VII. should introduce a uniformity of celibacy and hypocrisy into the Church. But of course the assertions of the worthy precentor of Malmesbury must be taken with an occasional grain of salt, as when, praising the strict and efficient police kept by Alfred in his dominions, he says that a purse of money, or a pair of golden bracelets, would in the time of this king remain for weeks exposed in the highway without risk of being stolen.

Perhaps few kings in the whole list appear more contemptible to the English, and especially to the modern English, mind than Edward the Confessor. There is even an Oxford tradition to the effect that, in his defection from the Church of England, Dr. Newman was nearly being followed by a distinguished scholar, who, however, had one difficulty which he never could get over. He had made up his mind to accept one point of doctrine after another, but the proverbial straw was the canonization of St. Edward. He finally decided that the Church which had deified so poor a specimen of humanity could not possibly be the infallible guide of men. We are not careful to defend the character of Edward, whose name ought nevertheless to be dear to a certain class of nineteenth century politicians, as one of the earliest lovers of peace at any price—a circumstance which probably facilitated the Norman Conquest. But the English long looked back with regret upon the golden days of King Edward, when the Dane had ceased to vex and the Norman had not yet come to trouble. Edward seems, moreover, to have been a just and benevolent ruler, and if he favored the monks unduly, yet the monks, with all their faults, were the most respectable part of the population.

It has been objected to Dr. Lingard that his fundamental rule of judging seems to be that the popular opinion on a historical question cannot possibly be correct, and such a tendency the study of the gossip or merely anecdotal part of history is sure to generate. For it is of the essence

of gossip that it should represent its subject in a different light to that in which he usually appears. Perhaps the truth about it would be that gossip is a good leveller, and reduces kings very much to the level of common men. No man is a hero to the chronicler of scandal. When Lord Thurlow was told that Pitt was dead, "A—good hand at turning a period" was the only comment he made. So the inveterate *raconteur* smiles when he hears the praises of any one too enthusiastically sung; he cannot help recalling some funny little story about him. Few have the noble magnanimity of Bolingbroke, before whom the character of his political enemy Marlborough was once discussed. Some one appealed to Bolingbroke as to whether the duke had not been extremely avaricious. "He was so great a man," replied Bolingbroke, "that I have forgotten his vices." It is to be feared, nevertheless, that Marlborough's avarice cannot be denied, and it is, indeed, supported by a hundred stories. A beggar once asked an alms of Lord Peterborough, and called him by mistake "My Lord Marlborough." "I am not Lord Marlborough," replied the earl, "and to prove it to you, here is a guinea."

Charity, by the way, has been the occasion of many a happy saying. Malherbe was very generous, but, one is sorry to learn, not religious. One day he gave a beggar some silver, and the beggar assured the poet that he would pray for him. "Pray do not trouble yourself to do that, my friend," replied Malherbe; "judging from your own condition, I should hardly think you had much credit with Heaven." This was rather wicked, and reminds one of that queen of Spain who lost her husband, and who was so grieved and so indignant against the celestial powers that she forbade her subjects to believe in God for six whole months, "to give him a lesson." The author of this anecdote, however, has forgotten the name of the queen, and history has been equally forgetful. More authentic is that haughty observation of William Rufus that "if he had duties towards God, God had also duties towards him." Happier, had it been more reverently expressed, was the thought of Alfonso the Wise, of Castile, who, after drawing up his astronomical tables in accordance with the scientific theories of the day, and placing the earth in the centre of the universe, remarked that, had he been consulted, he should have placed the sun in the centre.

But before the handmaid Charity is dis-

missed she must be made to tell a slightly improper story. According to an ancient chronicler, Saint Bernard, as Abbot of Clairvaux, was exceedingly hospitable to all who claimed the shelter of the monastery. Like a kindly host, he thought, moreover, that he was bound to keep his guests in countenance; and one day, accordingly, when he had drunk, cup for cup, with some thirsty travellers, possibly German barons, the saint—one blushes to write it—behaved even as one who hath partaken of cucumbers at a public feast. His monks gently reproached their superior. "Nay, my children," quoth he, with vinous sophistry, "it is not I, but Charity, that hath eaten and drunken."

There was another Bernard, a simple priest, with no honorary prefix of canonization to his name, who seems to have carried out in daily life the hardest rules of the gospel. One day he called on a minister of State to demand the assistance of the government in respect of a work of charity. The minister was obdurate, but M. Bernard was not easily repulsed. He continued to urge his request, and at length succeeded in putting his Excellency into a violent passion. The minister even forgot himself so far as to give the priest a box on the ear. Immediately Bernard fell on his knees, turned the other cheek, and said, "Monseigneur, give me another buffet and grant me my request." The minister, already heartily ashamed of himself, and filled with admiration for this true Christian, forthwith granted him all he asked for. Perhaps the precepts in the sermon on the mount are no mere figures of speech, but practical lessons of conduct dictated by a wisdom higher than that of the earth. It is said, however, that a Quaker who received a box on the ear with a request that he would put his religion into practice by turning the other cheek, replied, "Nay, friend, but it is also written that with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again," and then returned what he had received with interest. A curiously base yet quick remark was that of a fencing master whom a certain Lord S. had taken into his service. Lord S. had the deplorable habit of beating his servants, and one day administered a box on the ear to the ex-fencing master. The latter quietly held out his hand and said, "My lord, it is five guineas when I don't repay it."

To return once more to charity, which is surely a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart, and the ways of which are therefore worth studying, there is a

story told which redounds much to the credit of the unfortunate and almost imbecile Charles II. of Spain. When very young he was performing on foot the stations of the Jubilee. A beggar crossing his path, the king flung him a cross of diamonds without so much as looking at it, and without anybody at the moment perceiving what he had done. When he had entered the church, however, his courtiers noticed the absence of the cross from his breast, and cried out that their master had been robbed. The beggar, who had followed, immediately came forward, saying, "Here is the cross; 'twas his Majesty who gave it me." The king confirmed the statement, and then perceived for the first time that he had given away one of the crown jewels. But he was too much of a gentleman to take it back without giving the man an equivalent; and besides, as a Christian and a Catholic, he felt that the gift was sacred, having been made in the very act of prayer. He, therefore, had the diamond valued, and bought it back from the mendicant at its proper value, namely, twelve thousand crowns. It was royally done. Less magnificent, but not less sincere, was the charity of Robert II. of France, the gentle, pious king, the author of that most sweet and beautiful of Latin hymns, the "*Veni, Sancte Spiritus*." A thief one day, by a dexterous use of the knife, was cutting the gold fringe from the king's dress. "Stop, my friend," quoth Robert, "you have now half; leave the other half for some one else." It was this Robert who, in spite of his piety and docility of temper, managed early in his reign to embroil himself with the Church. He had married in 995 Bertha, widow of Eudes, Count of Blois, whom he dearly loved; but there were some difficulties as to the lawfulness of the marriage. Pope Gregory V. refused a dispensation, and declared the marriage void. The king refused obedience, in consequence of which he was excommunicated; and it is related how, under this terrible sentence, his palace was deserted by all but two menials, who, after every meal, purified by fire the utensils employed at the royal table. Robert at length yielded, and put away Bertha in 998, marrying in her stead, Constance, daughter of the Count of Toulouse, a beautiful shrew, who led him a dismal life. Often in bestowing charity on his beloved poor, the king would say with a smile that ill dissembled a real fear, "Mind and don't tell the queen." He went on pilgrimages to all the shrines in France, and in 1019 went to Rome to visit the tombs of the



apostles. This last journey he made for three reasons — first, from a feeling of devotion; secondly, to get away from Queen Constance; thirdly (so curious is the mixture of human motives), with the view of inducing the pope to annul his marriage with Constance, and to sanction his reunion with his first wife, Bertha; which reveals an alarming confusion of ideas on the subject of morality in the mind of the good king.

Others beside Robert II. have acted on occasion from a curious mixture of motives. If we are to believe one who knew Byron well, Childe Harold went to fight for the Greeks not so much because he cared for Hellenic independence, but because he thought the campaign would be an excellent excuse for escaping from the Countess Guiccioli, of whom he was beginning to weary. But this is ignoble gossip.

"*Je n'aime de l'histoire que les anecdotes!*" was the frank confession of Prosper Mérimée, whose hatred of cant led him, perhaps, into the opposite extreme of cynicism and of contempt for his fellow-creatures. "I felt uneasy," he remarked to a friend, "when I had to make my first speech in the senate; but I soon took courage, remembering that I was only addressing a hundred and fifty fools." It is to be regretted that Prosper Mérimée did not undertake the compilation of a thesaurus of historical gossip, in which anecdotes should have been severely sifted, and each good saying traced to its genuine author. Prosper Mérimée had both the taste and the accuracy of knowledge necessary for the task. The French as a nation are terrible sinners in the matter of anecdotes. They are at once the best story-tellers in the world and the most untrustworthy; reckless as to the value of their facts, so long as these are amusing and can be wittily arranged. Too often the race is typified by Talleyrand, ever ready to sacrifice a friend or a noble thought to a joke. Count Louis de Narbonne — the one human being, it was thought, whom Talleyrand ever really loved — was walking one day with the Prince de Bénévint, and reciting some verses he had composed. A man who was passing by happened to be gaping. The opportunity was irresistible. "Hush, Narbonne," said Talleyrand, "you are always talking too loud." Talleyrand, by the way, never said a smarter thing than Carnot said of him: "If Talleyrand despises men it is that he has studied too much his own character." But Talleyrand was at heart a better man than his con-

temporaries fancied, or perhaps than he fancied himself; while of his talent and of his zeal for the public service there can be no doubt. In 1815, when France lay prostrate at the feet of victorious enemies, even then Talleyrand held high language on her behalf. He baffled some of the most cherished schemes of Prussia and Russia, and extorted a disdainful compliment from the emperor Alexander, who said, "Talleyrand conducts himself as if he were the minister of Louis XIV." This was no small praise. One may add, what is of peculiar interest at the present moment, that more than seventy years ago Talleyrand had devised one of the happiest and boldest solutions of the Eastern question ever formally suggested by a Western statesman. After the capitulation of Ulm in 1805 he addressed to the emperor Napoleon a plan for diminishing the power of Austria to interfere with the preponderance of France, by uniting Tyrol to the Swiss confederation, and erecting the Venetian territory into an independent republic interposed between the kingdom of Italy and the Austrian territories. He proposed to reconcile Austria to this arrangement by ceding to it the whole of Wallachia, Moldavia, Bessarabia, and the northern part of Bulgaria. The advantages he anticipated from this arrangement were that of removing Austria from interfering in the sphere of French influence without exasperating her, and that of raising in the East a power better able than Turkey to hold Russia in check. Had this plan been carried out Europe might have been saved what threatens to become a kind of chronic crisis, and we should have heard less about the "manifest destiny" of Russia; Constantinople might even have long since become the capital of the Austrian Cæsars.

Our admiration for Talleyrand is increased when we reflect on the character of the sovereigns whom he had to serve. There was hardly room for an able man in the government over which Napoleon presided, for in that government the emperor would be, and was, all in all. Louis XVIII., again, was a prince not easily managed. For one thing, his Majesty's notions of his own prerogative and of the personal deference due to him were preposterous. The proudest nobles "of the old rock" had to be careful in their demeanor. Thus the Marquis d'Avary, master of the robes, presuming on his long intimacy with the king, for whom he and his had ever been ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes, ventured one day

to take a pinch of snuff out of the royal box. The king said nothing, but immediately threw away the rest of the snuff in the box. Frederic the Great behaved more prettily when one of his pages took the same liberty, and for the lad it was almost an impertinence. He had seen the page through a window in the act of taking the pinch. "Do you like that snuff-box?" he called out. The page, reddening to his ear-tips, stammered out that he thought it pretty. "Well, then, take it, my boy," said the king; "it is not large enough for us both." Indeed, notwithstanding all the hard things that have been written of Frederic, one cannot help thinking that there was a deep fund of kindness in his soured heart. One instance of his generosity we do not remember to have seen in any authentic history, and it is probably a pure invention; yet the fact that such a story should have been told of him reflects the highest honor on the king. One of his servants, who cherished a grudge against Frederic, put poison into his morning cup of chocolate. As he brought it into the king's room, Frederic noticed a look of trouble and agitation in the fellow's countenance. "What is the matter with you?" he asked, looking him steadily in the face. "I believe you mean to poison me." The man threw himself at the king's feet and confessed his crime. "Get out of my sight, you scoundrel!" said Frederic, and took no further notice of the matter. Equally apocryphal is probably the affiliation of that famous saying which has been attributed to Frederic, "Women are like cutlets—the more you beat them the tenderer they become." Indeed, as many legendary sayings and doings are associated with the name of Frederic as with those of Napoleon or Henry IV.

What strikes one most in the verification of the *ana* is the inventiveness of gentlemen who make history sitting quietly at their desks, and the extreme tameness really displayed on great occasions by the principal actors in the drama of history. How many noble sentiments have been put into the mouths of kings who would not have had the wit to utter them even as after-thoughts! For a genuine "royal" speech, if any one cares to peruse it, let him turn to the pages of Saint-Simon. At least it has the merit of not being long. Under the regency of the Duke of Orleans the Duke of Berry was introduced to the Parliament of Paris. The first president made his Highness a complimentary harangue, and it was then the prince's turn

to reply. He half took off his hat by way of salute to the assembly, immediately replaced it, and looked hard at the first president. "Monsieur," he began, then gazed blankly around, and began again, "Monsieur,"—then turned appealingly round to the Duke of Orleans for help. The regent's cheeks, like those of his cousin, were as red as fire, and he was wholly unable to help the luckless prince out of his scrape. "Monsieur," now dolefully recommenced the Duke of Berry, and again stopped short. "I saw the confusion of the prince," says Saint-Simon, "I sweated, but there was no help for it." Again the prince looked at the Duke of Orleans, and the Duke of Orleans appeared to be intently studying the form of his own boots. At length the first president put an end to the painful scene with as much tact as he could well display. He took off his judge's bonnet with a low bow to the Duke of Berry, as if in acknowledgment of the prince's unspoken oration, and then opened the business of the session, to the intense relief of all present. On quitting the Parliament house the Duke of Berry paid a visit to the Duchess of Ventadour, where he was complimented on his speech by the Princess of Montauban, who knew nothing of what had happened, and ventured on what she naturally enough supposed to be a safe piece of flattery. The duke, now wild with annoyance, hurried away as soon as he could to the Duchess of Saint-Simon's. Once alone with that great-hearted lady, and sure of sympathy, the poor fellow threw himself into an armchair, and burst into tears. Madame de Saint-Simon did her best to comfort him, but he refused to be comforted, and showed, it must be allowed, a touching sense of his own degradation. He bitterly blamed "the king" (Louis XIV.) and the Duke of Beauvilliers for the wretched education he had received. "They never thought," he bitterly exclaimed, "but to brutalize me, and to smother all that I might have been. I was a younger son, I was distancing my brother, and they crushed me; they taught me nothing but to play and to hunt, and they have succeeded in making of me a fool and a brute, utterly incapable, never to be fit for anything, always to be the laughing-stock and the scorn of mankind!" Such are the realities of history, as pitiful, as affecting, as human in their interest as its fictions.

But to conclude with a gayer page from the annals of the same brilliant court, there are two more authentic speeches of

about the same length as the Duke of Berry's unfortunate production, but much more successful. Louis XIV. was extremely kind to his personal attendants, but when he was, so to say, in his official character of king, "*aussitôt qu'il prenait son attitude de souverain*," as Madame Campan puts it, his aspect would strike awe into the beholders, and persons who had seen him every day of their lives were apt to be as much intimidated as a young lady at her first drawing-room. Now it chanced that the members of the king's household claimed certain privileges which were disputed them by the corporation of the town of Saint Germain's. Anxious to obtain the king's decision on the matter, the members of the household resolved to send a deputation to his Majesty to urge their claims. Bazire and Soulaigre, two of the king's valets, undertook to act as deputies, and obtained without difficulty an audience of the sovereign. The next morning, after the early *levée*, Louis ordered the deputation to be introduced, and at the same time assumed his most imposing look. Bazire, who was to speak, began to have an uncomfortable sinking at the pit of the stomach, and his knees were loosened with terror; he just managed to stammer out the word "Sire." Having repeated this word two or three times, he was seized with a felicitous inspiration. "Sire," he once more began (and concluded), "here is Soulaigre." Soulaigre, looking unutterably wretched, commenced in his turn, "Sire . . . sire . . . sire," — then (oh, happy thought!) ended like his colleague, "Sire, here is Bazire." The king smiled, and made answer, "Gentlemen, I know the motive which has brought you here; I will see that your petition is granted, and I am very well satisfied with the manner in which you have fulfilled your mission as deputies." *Exeunt* Bazire and Soulaigre, lost in admiration of the royal grace and condescension. What power, what prestige, and what treasures of loyalty must have been fooled away by the successors of Louis, before the France of 1715 could be changed into the France of 1793!

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### QUARTERING THE ROYAL ARMS.

It might well be imagined, by any one who had given no particular heed to the matter, that, outside the limits of the royal family at home and the kingly or princely

houses abroad with which it has become allied by marriage, legitimate descent from the sovereigns of England was a very rare distinction indeed. But everybody who has paid even passing attention to genealogical questions is aware that it is, in fact, exceedingly common, and that the persons of all ranks and conditions of life, who share in it are to be reckoned by thousands rather than by hundreds. As Mr. Long says in his well-known work on "Royal Descents" — a leading authority on the subject — "when once you are enabled to place your client in a current of decent blood, you are certain (by a slight Hibernicism) to carry him up to some one of the three great fountains of honor, Edward III., Edward I., or Henry III.; and in families of good, or even partially good descent, the deducing of a husband and wife from all the children of Edward III. and all the children of Edward I. has been successfully established by perseverance and research." Still, although mere royal descents are thus numerous, only a minority of them are of the kind which convey a title to quarter the royal arms. All the males and females of a family have a right to bear the paternal coat of their ancestors. But the paternal coat of one family can be added to the paternal coat of another family only when the ancestress bearing it was an heiress or a co-heiress of some male of the family originally entitled to it. And heiresses or co-heiresses cannot exist unless there are no males of the generation to which they belong, and neither males nor females nor the descendants of males of that or any subsequent generation in the same line. But even the more select class of royal descents are very plentiful, and the right to quarter the royal arms is participated in by what may be called, with little or no exaggeration, a vast and heterogeneous multitude. Sir Bernard Burke enumerates over sixty members of the peerage who have it, and they with their various relations, lineal and collateral, would of themselves make a formidable array. But it also belongs to a great many families which are not noble in every grade of society, down to those in the humblest circumstances. Yet from the number of those descendants from our old stock of kings who are privileged by inheritance to quarter their arms one very singular exception is to be made — namely, the present royal family. The descent of the House of Brunswick from the Plantagenets through the Tudors and the Stuarts, derives from the electress Sophia, mother

of George I., and daughter of Elizabeth, queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I., and neither of these princesses was either an heiress or a co-heiress. The brother of Princess Elizabeth was Charles I., and when his last male descendant, Cardinal York, died, the representation of his line passed to the descendants of the princess Henrietta, daughter of Charles I., and first wife of Philip, Duke of Orleans. Her senior co-heiress is the archduchess Maria Theresa, niece and heiress of the late duke of Modena and wife of Louis, prince of Bavaria. Moreover, even if the princess Elizabeth had been an heiress or a co-heiress, she could not have transmitted the right to quarter the royal arms through the princess Sophia. Her son, Charles Lewis, the elector palatine, brother of the princess Sophia, left a daughter and heiress, who was the second wife of Philip, Duke of Orleans, and his heir and representative by her in the seventh generation is the Comte de Paris. All the descendants of Philip, Duke of Orleans, by both his wives, therefore, must die out before the right to quarter the arms of the Plantagenets can devolve by inheritance upon their successors of the reigning house of England, which, however, as it is in possession of the oyster, may view with complacency the claims of others to the shells.

The royal descents which carry the right to quarter the royal arms, many and various as they are, proceed from only six principal stems, although the quarterings are those of nine branches of the Plantagenet tree. The descendants of Elizabeth of York and of George, Duke of Clarence, the daughter and brother of Edward IV., quarter not only their arms, but those also of Lionel of Antwerp, Duke of Clarence, and Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, the second and fourth sons of Edward III. Again, the descendants of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the third son of Edward III., quarter as well the arms of Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, the second son of Henry III. The three other descents with quarterings are those from Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, the fifth son of Edward III., Thomas of Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, the second son, and Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, the sixth son of Edward I. These several coats are distinguished by differences which it is needless to specify, but which are of great moment in the art and mystery of blazonry. Of the above personages the senior co-representatives are — of Elizabeth of York, the archduchess Maria Theresa, princess of

Bavaria; of George, Duke of Clarence, the Earl of Loudoun; of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, Isabella, ex-queen of Spain; of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, Lord Stafford; of Thomas of Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, Lord Stourton; and of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, the archduchess Maria Theresa, princess of Bavaria. It is to be observed that one line of royal descent is rigidly excluded by Mr. Long. The Beauforts, the children of John of Gaunt and his third wife, Catherine Swinford, were born out of wedlock, although they were afterwards legitimated by act of Parliament. They bore the arms of their father within a "bordure gobony;" and Mr. Long contends that there is no doubt as to what the "bordure gobony" meant. *A propos* of the Beauforts, we may notice how comparatively few of the peerage quarter, or rather bear, the royal arms by reason of bastard descent. The illegitimate descendants of the illegitimate Beauforts, Dukes of Somerset, are the Somersetts, Dukes of Beaufort. The Dukes of Buccleuch, Richmond and Gordon, St. Albans, and Grafton, and Lord Southampton are the illegitimate descendants of Charles II., and the Earl of Munster is the illegitimate descendant of William IV. — seven in all with the "baton sinister" against sixty odd without it.

Sir Bernard Burke's "List of Peers and Peeresses in their own right who are entitled to quarter the Royal Arms of Plantagenet" does not in some instances quite agree with that which is either explicitly or implicitly given by Mr. Long. Sir Bernard Burke includes the Earls of Abingdon, Granville and Stamford and Warrington, who are not named by Mr. Long, and excludes the Earl of Essex and Lord Manners, who are both mentioned by him. For the rest, Sir Bernard Burke and Mr. Long are at one. The Dukes of Athole, Bedford, Buckingham and Chandos, Northumberland, and Sutherland, the Earls Brownlow, Dunmore, Ellesmere, Loudoun, and Jersey, Lord Egerton of Tatton, and Baroness Nairne (Dowager Marchioness of Lansdowne) quarter the arms of Elizabeth of York, and the Marquis of Waterford and the Earl of Huntingdon quarter the arms of George, Duke of Clarence. Lord Herries is the only peer who quarters the arms of John of Gaunt, and consequently of Edmund, Earl of Lancaster. The arms of Thomas of Woodstock are quartered by Marquis Townshend, Earl Ferrers, Viscount Hereford, Lords Hatherton and Teynham, and



Baronesses Berners and Burdett-Coutts. The arms of Thomas of Brotherton are quartered by the Dukes of Norfolk, Manchester, and Richmond and Gordon, the Marquis of Exeter, the Earls of Berkeley, Carlisle, Devon, Effingham, Somers, Spencer, and Suffolk and Berkshire, and Lords Arundell of Wardour, Braybroke, Clifford, Dorchester, Eliot, Howard de Walden, Howard of Glossop, Lanerton, Petre, Stourton, and Suffield, and the arms of Edmund of Woodstock are quartered by the Duke of Rutland, the Earls of Abingdon, Bradford, Essex, Howth, and Tankerville, Viscounts Falkland and Gage, and Lords De Ros, Lyttelton, Manners, Scarsdale, Vaux, and Wentworth. Several of these families are entitled to quarter many of these arms through different and distinct descents. But we have ranged them under the best of these—that is, under the one by which they are most nearly connected with their Plantagenet ancestors.

These descendants of the Plantagenets are all of them of more or less eminent position. But among those who are mentioned by Mr. Long there are some whose rank and fortune are very dissimilar from theirs. Descended from and quartering the arms of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, by the second marriage of his daughter and heiress Anne Plantagenet with William Bouchier, Earl of Ewe, are John Penny, the only surviving son of Stephen James Penny (late sexton of St. George's, Hanover Square), who in 1845 was apprenticed to Mr. Watson, saddler, of Windmill Street, Haymarket; and his uncles, William John Penny, foreman to Messrs. Baker, upholsterers, of Lower Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, and Thomas Penny, shoemaker at Brompton. Sir John Bouchier, a younger son of the Earl of Ewe, married the heiress of Sir Richard Berners, and was summoned to Parliament as Baron Berners. His great-granddaughter and heiress married Edmund Knyvett, serjeant porter to Henry VIII. In the sixth generation from him the male line of the Knyvets became extinct, and the barony of Berners fell into abeyance between the two daughters and co-heiresses, Elizabeth and Lucy, of John Knyvett, of Norwich. Baroness Berners descends from the marriage of the elder co-heiress with Henry Wilson of Didlington, and the Pennys descend from the second marriage of the younger co-heiress with John Field, carpenter, of Reading. Among the descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, entitled to

quarter his arms are Joseph Smart, butcher, of Hales Owen, and George Wilmot, the keeper of the turnpike-gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley. They are among the co-heirs of Frances, eventually heiress of Ferdinando Lord Dudley, the wife of Walter Woodcock, whose first and second daughters and co-heiresses were respectively the mothers of Joseph Smart and George Wilmot. They are thus co-heirs of the old barony of Dudley, created by writ in the reign of Edward II. Their royal descent and quarterings they derive direct through the Wards, the Suttons, the Tiptofts, the Cherletons, and the Hollands from Joan Plantagenet, the "Fair Maid of Kent."

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From The Spectator.  
NEWS FROM JUPITER.

SINGULAR news has recently been received from an Australian observatory respecting the largest and most massive of the planets. We have from time to time called the attention of our readers to certain novel views respecting the planets Jupiter and Saturn which have been advanced during the last few years. Regarded, since the Copernican theory was established, as simply the largest members of the family to which our earth belongs, these giant orbs were made the subject of many interesting speculations respecting the conditions under which such life as we are familiar with may exist upon their surface. These speculations were to some degree checked by the well-known treatise in which Whewell attempted to show that Jupiter and Saturn must needs be too cold for life, unless perhaps some wretched gelatinous creatures float languidly in the half-frozen seas which he regarded as constituting the chief part of the bulk of the two largest planets. Even Whewell's views, however, widely though they differed from those which were in vogue when he announced them, were yet based on the ideas which had been so long entertained respecting the family of planets. It was because he regarded Jupiter and Saturn as in the same state as our own earth that he inferred from their small density that their substance must be in the main watery, and that he concluded they must be exceedingly cold on account of their remoteness from the sun. He did not inquire whether they may not be in an entirely different condition, passing, in fact, through

an entirely different stage of planetary existence.

It is singular how slowly astronomers allowed other theories which they had learned to regard as practically demonstrated to exercise their just effect on our views respecting the planets. We do not refer here to official astronomers, who have, for the most part, limited their attention to questions of astronomical time and position, regarding the planets and the moon as convenient sky-marks and time-measurers, without caring much what their true nature may be. But even astronomers more correctly so called, those who look beyond the mere motion of the celestial bodies, and inquire into their significance, have not been careful to inquire whether, when they came to admit the general uniformity of planetary development, they were not bound to admit also that some planets must be much more fully developed than others, — that some planets must as yet be scarce formed, some must be young, some in mid-life, others passing on towards old age, and yet others decrepit, if not dead. This was an inevitable consequence of the doctrine astronomers had admitted, yet it was not mentioned till nearly half a century later, and when first mentioned was regarded as too wild to be entertained. The arguments in its favor were, however, quietly urged; and it was shown that this theory alone possessed the quality, which every true theory must possess, of according well with all the known facts. This theory made the larger planets of necessity the younger planets — not, of course, in years, but in development. According to it, the giant planets Jupiter and Saturn would as yet scarce have passed through the process of planetary growth; at the utmost, would be still in a condition of intense heat. Enwrapped in enormous atmospheric envelopes loaded with deep cloud-masses, they would not show their true surface, and the astronomer measuring from the outer cloud-layers would attribute to these planets a far greater bulk, and therefore a far smaller density, than they really possess. Expanded by heat, the deep atmosphere would not be compressed by the planets' mighty attraction, as it would be but for that heat. The movements of the atmosphere and of the vast cloud-masses thrown into it from the heated surface below, would be much more active than the movements of air and clouds under the weak rays of the sun which shines in the heaven either of Jupiter or Saturn. In all these respects, and in many others, the aspect and changes

of aspect of the two planets correspond well with the theory that these orbs are still passing through the stage of planetary youth, and very ill with the theory which had been in vogue before.

Other circumstances had appeared not merely difficult to explain, but actually inexplicable according to the older theory, and were certainly not less so according to Whewell's ice-and-water theory. It had appeared from many observations that Saturn changes from time to time in shape. His shadow on his ring-system had presented equally inexplicable peculiarities, being at times not at all like the shadow of a solid globe. Jupiter had not been so notably changed at any time, no doubt because of the comparative uniformity of the conditions under which the prince of planets travels. Yet observers had occasionally suspected even Jupiter of changing in shape, and on one occasion, when a satellite happened to be crossing his outline, they had caught him in the act. For the outline, extending at first beyond the satellite (in appearance, be it understood) had shrunk so as to leave the satellite outside. We describe, indeed, rather what must have happened than what was observed, which was simply this, — a satellite, whose transit or passage across the face had just begun, was seen five minutes or so later outside the planet, so that moving onwards it began transit a second time. But as no one believes that Jupiter's moon had stopped in its course, retreated, and then advanced again, it is to all intents and purposes certain that the outline of the planet had changed. One may compare what had happened to the case of a bird passing at a great distance between the eye and a still more remote balloon. The bird's flight would at last cause it to be apparently projected upon the dark body of the balloon. Now, if a few moments later, the bird was again seen outside the balloon's disc, not having passed athwart, but reappearing where it had disappeared, we should be certain that either the bird had stopped, and even gone back a little on its former course, or else that the balloon had shrunk just at that part where the outline had been crossed by the bird. If we knew for certain that the bird had not stopped, we should be sure that the balloon had shrunk. Astronomers might have been equally sure that on the occasion referred to the outline of Jupiter had changed. Most of them preferred, however, to wait for more observations, many students of science considering that due respect for observations requires us

to avoid, above all things, any attempt to inquire what may be the true meaning of observations already made, and to ask constantly for more observations.

Now, however, we receive news of an observation which sets the question finally at rest. When one of Jupiter's moons passes behind the body of the planet, the moon does not necessarily enter the planet's shadow. It only does so when the sun, the earth, and Jupiter are nearly in a straight line; when the earth is considerably removed from the line joining Jupiter and the sun, a satellite passing behind the planet's outline on one side remains in sunlight for a considerable time. It probably has not occurred to any observer to try to see a satellite when thus in sunlight behind the planet. On the old theory, of course, it would have been absurd to look for a satellite under such conditions, when there would be several thousand miles of the planet's solid substance in the way. But of course, if the planet has an atmosphere thousands of miles deep, laden more or less heavily with cloud-masses, it might quite readily happen that a satellite should be seen apparently through the planet,—not, of course, through the middle of the planet, but through parts lying thousands of miles within the apparent outline. This is what has now actually happened. We should not quote the observation, if it were not, in the first place, one which will probably be repeated (now that it has once been made), and if it had not, in the second place, been accepted by astronomers. It is thus recorded by the council of the Astronomical Society. "A very interesting phenomenon was observed more than once independently by Mr. Todd, of Adelaide, using a new eight-inch telescope by Cooke, and his assistant, Mr. Ringwood, when a satellite was on the point of being hidden. Instead of disappearing gradually behind the planet, it was apparently projected on the disc, as if viewed through the edge of the planet, supposing the latter were surrounded by a transparent atmosphere laden with clouds. This curious phenomenon was noticed on two occasions at the disappearance of the first satellite, when it was thus distinctly visible through the edge of the disc for about two minutes before it was finally concealed." It must, therefore, have been seen where the line of sight passed fully two thousand miles below the apparent outline of the planet, or along a range of fully twelve thousand miles of cloud-laden air. It may safely be inferred from this

observation that the planet has an atmosphere extending six or seven, probably ten or twelve thousand miles below the apparent outline, so that a globe as large as our earth lying on the surface of Jupiter might not reach, or only barely reach, his outermost cloud-layers.

This is one of the most interesting discoveries yet effected by direct astronomical observation. It had indeed been inferred by a few astronomers, careful to interpret results already obtained, that Jupiter must be in the condition which the Australian observation indicates. But at present, and probably for many years yet to come, theories based on mere reasoning, however conclusive in reality, must be "caviare to the general," and we must still be content to wait (as recently in the case of the solar corona) till observations which every one can understand have demonstrated what only the few could infer confidently from reasoning based on less simple observations.

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From St. James's Magazine.

#### MAIL COACHES.

THE letters, Mr. Palmer proposed, should be carried in strong and well-guarded coaches made expressly for the purpose, while the post-horses should be the finest England could supply; each coach should be accompanied by a man carrying firearms, and the post-boys should be well equipped for any dangers they might encounter: the coaches laden with the London mails were all to start from London at the same hour every evening, and their departure from the country should be so regulated as to ensure as far as possible their simultaneous arrival in London every morning. This plan, admirably as it was in harmony with the English taste, even to every exact detail, and hailed as it was, accordingly, with cheers from the multitude, met with opposition from a large and powerful party, and angry discussions arose in the wayside inns, at the clubs, at the dining-table, in the drawing-room, and even in the streets; for there were in those days, as now, many who set themselves resolutely to oppose any novelty, as fraught with evils, and dangers innumerable. . . . William Pitt, with his usual sagacity, at once comprehended that it was both excellent and practicable: accordingly the country was, after a few more exclamations from the malcontents, brought to the decision that Mr. Palmer's mail-coach

theory should be adopted; and Mr. Palmer was installed at the post-office as comptroller-general, which promotion enabled him to perfect all arrangements, and the first mail-coach left London for Bristol on the evening of August 4, 1784. The era of mail-coaches lasted for about half a century; these safely guarded and well-appointed vehicles increasing in number till within two years of their eclipse by the railway, when they had mounted to as many as twenty-seven, which started from the general post-office and Piccadilly every evening. "A short time before the hour of starting, the mail-coaches arrived in the yard around the post-office, from their respective inns, with the passengers already in their places. Through the iron railings, by the light of innumerable lamps, the public could see the process of packing the mail-bags. It was really a fine sight to see twenty of these vehicles drawn up, each occupying the same station night after night; the horses fine and spirited animals; the harness unexceptionally neat, and the coachmen and guards wearing the king's livery. . . . As the clock struck eight, the post-office porters dragged out huge bags, of which the guards of the different mails took charge. In a few minutes each coach, one by one, passed out of the yard, and the sound of the guard's horn became lost in the noise of the streets." About six of the mail-

coaches started from the western end of Piccadilly, the bags for their mails being conveyed in light carts under the care of guards. The starting of these was a sight for the people of the West End. At about twenty minutes past eight the mail-carts drove up at great speed, the guards' horns warning passengers to make way; the bags transported to the mail-coaches, the bugles sounded, and each coach successively took its departure. So spirited was the mail-coach travelling, that we find English gentlemen of that period declaring "five years of life" to be "worth giving up" for the privilege of an outside place on a mail-coach. Crowds would stand all along the line of the mail-coach route from London, to see it dashing past, and to catch the earliest news, especially during the occurrence of stirring events. The result of Queen Caroline's trial was shouted to the waiting crowds from the top of the mail-coach as it fled swiftly through the country roads. Such a brilliant reputation had the post-horses, that all the noblemen in England greatly desired their favorite steeds to make at least one journey with the letter-mail. A sight indeed after the hearts of the English was that of the mail-coach, with horses whose strength, celerity, and spirit were renowned throughout Europe, guards powerful and trusty, and the whole enlivened by the sound of the post-horn.

**HURRY AND "HIGH PRESSURE."**—It is the pace that kills; and of all forms of "over-work," that which consists in an excessive burst of effort, straining to the strength, and worrying to the will, hurry of all kinds—for example, that so often needed to catch a train, the effort required to complete a task of head-work within a period of time too short for its accomplishment by moderate energy—is injurious. Few suffer from overwork in the aggregate; it is too much work in too little time that causes the break down in nineteen cases out of twenty, when collapse occurs. Most sufferers bring the evil on themselves by driving off the day's work until the space allotted for its performance is past, or much reduced. Method in work is the great need of the day. If some portion of each division of time was devoted to the apportioning of hours and energy, there would be less confu-

sion, far less "hurry," and the need of working at high pressure would be greatly reduced, if not wholly obviated. A great deal has been written and said of late, to exceedingly little practical purpose, on the subject of "over-work." We doubt whether what is included under this description might not generally be more appropriately defined as work done in a hurry, because the time legitimately appropriated to its accomplishment has been wasted or misapplied. Hurry to catch a train generally implies starting too late. High pressure is, says the *Lancet*, either the consequence of a like error at the outset of a task, or the penalty of attempting to compensate by intense effort for inadequate opportunity. If brain is bartered for business in this fashion, the goose is killed for the sake of the golden eggs, and greed works its own discomfiture.